

Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

20c APRIL 1958



Discover your secret beauty. See page 30

"HIS FAMILY CAME BEFORE ME"—marriage series

Can you break into Canadian society?

DO WE NEED MIDWIVES IN CANADA?

How one couple reduced housework to a minimum



*And what is so rare as a day in June?
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CHATELAINE — APRIL 1958

Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

APRIL 1958

VOL. 31

NO. 4

ARTICLES

- There Never Was a Better Time to be a Woman Dr. Marion Hilliard 12
Education is *Not* Everybody's Business Hilda Neathy 14
Do We Need Midwives in Canada? . Dr. Elizabeth Wiley and Anna Davies 17
Canadian Society Jeannine Locke 18
"His Family Came Before Me" Violet Munns as told to June Callwood 21
My Wife's Not a Housework Slave George Robertson 24
How I Keep House Jean Yack 88

FICTION

- Lesson in Murder Edith Pargeter 23

REGULAR FEATURES

- What's New in the Arts Robert Fulford 3
Readers Take Over 6
Teen Tempo Susan Cooper 46

HOUSEKEEPING

- Cook the Frosty Foods Elaine Collett 27
Chatelaine Meals of the Month 52
Chatelaine Seal of Approval 54
Chatelaine Institute Helps You Clean House 77

HOME PLANNING

- Provincial for Young Families Doris Thistlewood 28

FASHION AND BEAUTY

- Discover Your Secret Beauty Vivian Wilcox 30
The Shirtdress—Be Sure It's a Print (pattern) 49

CHATELAINE NEEDLECRAFT

- Whirling Leaves 72
Needlecraft Bazaar 76
Summertime Crochet 84

FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS

- Canada Hasn't Beaten TB Yet Elizabeth Chant Robertson, MD 81

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CHATELAINE — APRIL 1958

WHAT'S NEW

... AT CHATELAINE

Investigating Canadian society for our story (page 18), assistant editor Jeannine Locke covered close to eight thousand miles, filled seventeen notebooks and never once guessed the weather right.

The sun was shining when she left Toronto the last week of November. It was twelve degrees below zero, with a blizzard blowing up, when she arrived, without galoshes, in Winnipeg. By the time she reached Vancouver, muffled to the eyebrows, a fine four-day rain was underway. On the way back her fur coat was almost dry when she got off the train in Calgary which promptly had a chinook. Regina staged a blizzard, and by the time Jeannine reached the Maritimes (after Christmas) the worst storm since 1956 was at the peak of its fury. She wrote the article with a heavy head cold muttering about "risk pay."

Our story on page 24 began one January day in 1956 when George Robertson unwarily asked his wife, Phyllis, what she thought of the latest laborsaving tip he'd devised for housewives who listen to his daily radio program, Worth Knowing.

He never found out.

"Ha!" she glared up at him (she was on her knees waxing the floor), "it's high time you devoted some of your time-and-laborsaving know-how to making my work easier. It requires plenty of my time."

When they moved to a new three-room apartment, soon after, Robertson took up the challenge. With the help of experts in the fields of furniture, fabrics and lighting, he produced an apartment that takes Phyllis Robertson exactly sixty minutes a day to clean — including extra, one-in-a-while chores. What does a woman do with all the leftover hours? Phyllis Robertson happily uses some to read, some to write letters and window-shop, most experimenting with new recipes and practicing the classical guitar.



... FOR YOUR HOME

Let's assume that you've done your spring-cleaning. The whole house is as crisp and fresh as a wind-dried wash. And you're in exactly the right mood to read about the products and appliances that are as new as this season.

If a perfectly circular bed suits your fancy (or an unlikely floor plan), it'll be available soon in all major department stores across the country. Made in Canada, the bed comes in single (diameter: six feet) and double (seven feet) sizes. The cost is \$400 plus the price of custom-made or U. S. imported bedding in the round.

For you who want the good cheer of a fireplace without the cleaning problems, there's a propane or natural-gas model available in pastel colors, red, coppertone and black, all finished in porcelain. It can be mounted flush with any fireproof wall.

... MADE FOR YOU

If your husband likes the appearance of broadcloth shirts and you admire the wash-and-wear qualities of man-made fibres, you can compromise on the new Terylene and cotton shirts for men. They look like cotton but seldom, if ever, need ironing.

A Swedish slicer with a nine-inch steel blade cuts through frozen foods (package and all) as well as boneless meats, bread, and such bulky vegetables as cabbage.

For the first time, you can now buy a family flashlight with the

continued

Horrockses



HORROCKSES (CANADA) LTD., 1115 SHERBROOKE ST. W. MONTREAL

WHAT'S NEW

Continued

long-distance power of an electric lantern (one-quarter-mile night penetration). It's a four-cell, six-volt variety.

A new dial-type meat thermometer makes easy reading from any angle.

... FROM THE DIOR STABLE

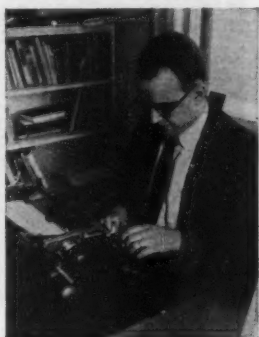


For those of you who still aren't in love with the chemise or sack shape, there's a new line from Paris—the "trapeze." It's the creation of Yves St-Laurent, Dior's heir. Introduced in his springtime collection (acclaimed one of the most distinguished in Paris), the "trapeze line" gives the chemise new direction. The waist remains undefined but thereafter St-Laurent departs from the tapering tube in favor of a flare. The St-Laurent look is beautifully illustrated by this evening gown of nylon tulle, sparkling with brilliants. There's a sugges-

tion of the Empire line in the exquisitely high, small, defined bosom. From there, the silhouette flares into a wide—and very short—hemline. The same silhouette was shown for day. Look for it soon in Canadian clothes. It has the stamp of Dior, through his dauphin.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE ARTS

By Robert Fulford



... CHURCHILL, ON VIEW

Against his own much better judgment, Sir Winston Churchill was recently persuaded to permit the exhibition of thirty-five of his oil paintings in several North American cities. So far, one Canadian city, Toronto, has found a place in the tour, and the paintings will be shown there from April 5 to April 20 at the Art Gallery.

Sir Winston, of course, is an amateur painter and, though he has allowed this exhibition, he has retained his amateur standing by refusing to put the pictures on sale. I have my own prejudices against amateurs who exhibit their paintings, but perhaps this comes from too many exposures to that hardy group of Canadian amateurs who offer their paintings to the public on any and all occasions.



Copyright, Sir Winston Churchill

Sir Winston cannot be accused of this vice: he's been painting for forty years and this is the first time there has been an extensive public showing of his work.

... WEST COAST NEWS

British Columbia's centennial and the Vancouver Festival are focusing attention on Canada's West Coast this season. Early next month, McClelland and Stewart will publish *British Columbia: A Centennial Anthology*, edited by R. E. Watters, an English professor at



CANCER 1958

What is the outlook?

While cancer is still one of our nation's greatest health problems, several recent developments are very encouraging.

- For some time the mortality rate from cancer among women has been declining. The total decrease is encouraging as measured during the last 15 years among Canadian women ages 25 to 74.
- The proportion of cancer patients surviving 5 years or more after diagnosis has measurably increased.

Such facts indicate that still greater gains are possible. In this connection, the Canadian Cancer Society states:

"Many men and women with cancer could be saved with present knowledge if individuals would seek medical attention early enough, and if the latest and best means of diagnosis and treatment can be made more generally available."

So, pending a major break-through against this disease, *you are the first line of defense against cancer*. And here are the things you should do:

1. **Know cancer's seven warning signals.** They are listed above. Should one of these signals appear, no time should be lost in seeing your doctor.
2. **Have regular health examinations.** According to the Canadian Cancer So-

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Any sore that does not heal.
4. Any change in normal bowel habits.
5. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
6. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any change in a wart or mole.

ciety, 50% of all cancers occur in parts of the body which a general practitioner can readily examine. Should you notice changes in normal body functions between examinations, have another check-up.

3. **Avoid any treatment except your doctor's.** Cancer is cured only by skilled physicians using surgery, X-ray, radium and other forms of radiation. In many forms of cancer, the majority of cases can be saved when diagnosed early and properly treated.

Current research on the causes of cancer, its prevention and treatment gives even greater hope for the future. But it is still important for you to be alert to cancer's danger signals and get prompt treatment should one of them occur.

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Should Know About Cancer."

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WHAT'S NEW

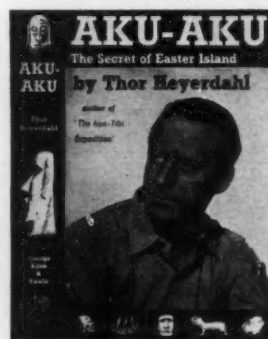
Continued

the University of British Columbia. It's a collection of the most memorable writing on the province by a diverse group of authors, most of them fervent B.C.-lovers. Included are Earle Birney, Emily Carr, Pierre Berton, Eric Nicol, Bruce Hutchison and Ethel Wilson. In publishing circles the book is regarded as a real oddity: it's being edited, designed and even printed in B.C. . . .

Another, and less official, look at British Columbia will be provided for American and Canadian readers about the same time in *As Far As You'll Take Me* (Dodd, Mead), by a Canadian housewife named Lorna Whishaw. It's a lighthearted account of a trip from the Kootenay district to Alaska by a woman who hitchhiked all the way . . . The first four volumes in the New Canadian Library series of quality paperbacks—Canada's initial entry in this field—have been widely accepted, and McClelland and Stewart is apparently encouraged to go on.

In October Gabrielle Roy's *The Tin Flute* and Thomas Chandler Haliburton's *Sam Slick the Clockmaker* will be added to the list, along with two or three others . . . Canada's leading historian, Donald Creighton—John A. Macdonald's biographer—has written a short history of this country, *The Story of Canada*, for fall publication in Britain, the United States and Canada.

... EASTER ISLAND SECRET



The next few weeks will bring two of the major international book events of the year, and the volumes involved are as different as any two books could be. One is *Aku-Aku, The Secret of Easter Island* (Thomas Nelson and Sons), by Thor Heyerdahl, the author of *Kon-Tiki*. It's expected to make publishing history; seven countries will publish it simultaneously, and the first press run will be one million copies. It will have 60 pages of full-color photographs, which alone should make it unique among all but art books . . .

The other book is *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson* (McGraw-Hill), by, of all people, Herbert Hoover. It's even more historic: the first time a president has written a full-scale biography of another president. Even more surprising is the treatment that Hoover, the businessman-Republican, gives Wilson, the scholar-Democrat. According to the publishers, it is "magnanimous" and "admiring."

... IN AMERICAN ART

On television recently, Alan Jarvis, the National Gallery director, was asked why he buys plenty of Canadian and European paintings but ignores Americans. He replied that many Canadians are close to the United States and can see American art on trips and, besides, lots of American paintings come here on tour. Both of these notions are half-truths: many Canadians (and Canadian artists) live hundreds of miles from the U.S. border and—though we have occasional tours of American art—Canadians have not yet been shown an exhibit that conveys the sweep and breadth of current American painting.

This is especially regrettable right now, because the centre of the art world today is New York (ask any Parisian artist) and the great work of the moment is being done by the artists who exhibit there. Canadians should be given a chance to see the best of the abstract expressionists in a national tour; perhaps it would help them to understand better the influences that work on modern Canadian painters . . . However, all this doesn't detract from the considerable abilities of the contemporary British painters. The National Gallery is now touring a show of its recently acquired modern British art—Graham Sutherland, Ben Nicholson, John Piper, et al—and it's in Vancouver during April and May and in Saskatoon in June. ♦

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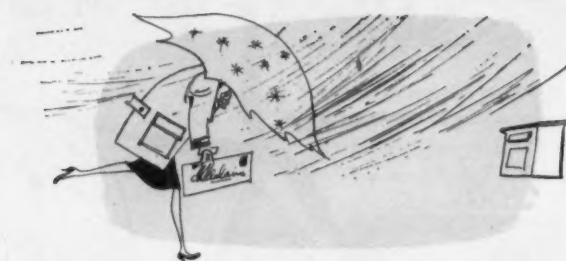
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READERS TAKE OVER



Help for Canada's Margarets

I have just read the article *They Told Me My Child Was Retarded*, February. I was extremely interested as I also have an autistic child. I found a great similarity between the behavior of little Margaret in the article and our own boy.

Mrs. M., Ontario.

Please send the following information to Ruth McConnell. There are schools for retarded children springing up all over Canada—we have one in Sherbrooke, one in Hull and headquarters are 7740 Cote St. Luc Road, Montreal, for Quebec Province. In Ontario there are many, all under the name of Association for the HELP of Retarded Children. Mrs. Anne Ellsin, the secretary of Montreal division, can give addresses and information to the author if she will write. If there are no schools in her district she could establish one the same as I did here in Sherbrooke. I would be glad to help her or anyone else in any way possible.

Katherine D. Beaucage,
Sherbrooke, Que.

Smothering the Bomb

I wish to compliment your publication of the article, *The Hydrogen Bomb Should Be Outlawed*, by Dr. Marion Hilliard, January.

Ethel Ostry,
Regina.

If other doctors will follow your lead and organize some kind of public expression so that medical faculties or bodies in other parts of the world will be encouraged to speak out, we could be hopeful that

politicians and the military would take notice.

Edith Holtom,
Ottawa.

Does Dr. Marion Hilliard think the united protests of the world's women can halt the evolution of science? Men and women the world over, drunk with learning and the lust for power which higher learning gives them, would shape the destiny of the human race according to their whims or caprice, forgetting that the earth is the Lord's and all that is in it . . . God alone has the power to give us a better world, and we should turn to Him in prayer seeking a release of that Holy Power.

G. W. Porter,
Harbour Breton, Nfld.

More want Adaskin lessons

Thanks to Naomi Adaskin for *Let's Throw Out The Old-Style Music Lesson*, January. Mrs. Adaskin's suggestions meet with my wholehearted approval.

Naomi Ludlow,
Toronto.

I'm going to clip this article and show it to the music teacher next fall.

Mrs. Norman Smith,
Val Albert, Ont.

I agree most heartily . . .

Mrs. S. W. Sarbit,
Selkirk, Man.

Points against class practice

I do not favor class piano practice completely on two points:

1. A person learns more by

Continued on page 8

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—Paul Rockett (cover, 20, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40), Panda (1, 24, 25, 28, 29, 42, 52, 68), Alex Dellow (3), Ashley and Crippen (12), John Sebert (14, 21, 46, 68, 81), Basil Zarov—courtesy of Mayfair (18, 20), Rolly Ford Photo Publications Ltd. (19), West's Studio Photographs (19), R. H. Marlow of British Columbia (19), H. Befus—Calgary Herald (19), Winnipeg Free Press (19), Capital Press Service (20), Robert Norwood—Halifax Chronicle-Herald (20), Peter Croydon (26, 27). ARTWORK—Huntley Brown (22, 23), William Winter (46), Harold Town (54), Copyright Sir Winston Churchill (3), No credits (3, 4, 72, 76, 84).

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Matinée



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READERS TAKE OVER

Continued from page 6

doing than by watching. 2. If there are six pupils in an hour class it would mean each pupil gets only ten minutes' actual doing and fifty minutes' watching.

W. G. Kelly,
Toronto.

Childbirth in Halifax

I was pleased to read the article on natural childbirth in January Chatelaine. A year ago my baby was born in this way at the Grace Maternity Hospital in Halifax. I attribute the success of this natural childbirth to the nurses and doctor who helped me to a great degree. It would be very nice to know what doctors are sympathetic toward natural childbirth in Vancouver, in case my next baby is born here. In Halifax the baby stayed with me in my room. Also, my husband was with me while I was in labor.

Janet Erskin,
Vancouver.

Double-take on babies

One month (January) Chatelaine features an excellent article on Dr. Grantly Dick Read and his recommendations for a proper attitude to childbirth. The next issue features a fictional account of a labor which perpetuates the sort of myths he and many others would like dispelled. The helpful facts that came to light in this charming little story (A Second Baby Is Different, February) seemed to be: a) the indication of labor is a "pain" that "gets worse;" b) that the proper reaction to the "worse pains" is to lie down and "double up;" c) that babies are only fed on formula!

Mrs. Frank Davies,
Don Mills, Ont.

Fashion fad for mothers

In your story A Second Baby Is Different, February, is it intended that the wallpaper match the maternity dress or the maternity dress match the wallpaper?

Mrs. L. Gibson,
Ottawa.

Whichever you choose to choose.—
The Editors.

Woman's need for serenity

Your feature articles and Dr. Marion Hilliard's series are especially fine. I should like to see you do a special issue on the modern

housewife's problem of "time" . . . Articles on both cooking and cleaning, which should help to banish old-fashioned prejudices and unreasonable house-pride. I should like to see Dr. Hilliard write about the necessity for perspective and proper evaluation of the job of housekeeping, which should always have enough time for happy husband-keeping.

You would do modern woman an immeasurable service if you would help her to use her time wisely, thereby regaining the serenity which comes from the fine balance between excellent organization and selfless flexibility.

Mrs. Ann Swan, Ottawa.

Montreal music is older

I regret that London's claim, noted in your January issue of Club News, to be the oldest music club in Canada is a little optimistic. The Ladies' Morning Musical Club of Montreal was founded in 1892. Its platform is coveted by musicians, not only on this continent, but also overseas, for its high standards.

Miss E. M. Davidson,
Montreal.

No push-button living?

Who is doing the leg pulling to start our New Year? Our Jeanne Locke tells us in twenty-five years we will be living in plastic houses and "everything will be done by push button" (January). (I don't believe her.) Then a dear lady just last week tells me the writing is on the wall and Armageddon is just around the corner . . .

Art Spendlow,
Senlac, Sask.

Watches for TB patient

I am a TB patient learning a watch course and was wondering if your readers would send me some old watches and clocks to practice on.

Clarence Gautreau,
Sanatorium at River Glades, N.B.

Stamps needed for veterans

It would be greatly appreciated by a group of some 2,500 disabled war veterans in a hospital near Baltimore, if used stamps could be sent to me for them. They are eager to receive stamps of any country except the U. S.

Myron Emerson, 817 Park Avenue,
Baltimore 1, Maryland, U.S.A.

Send your comments and your questions to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. All letters must be signed, but, where requested, names will not be published on personal questions.

Rain tomorrow?



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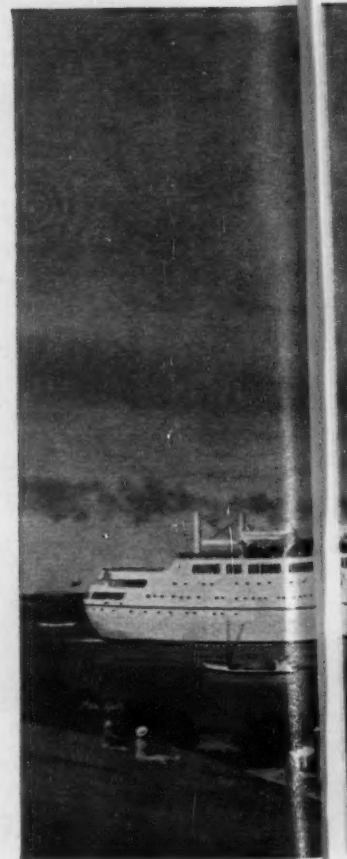


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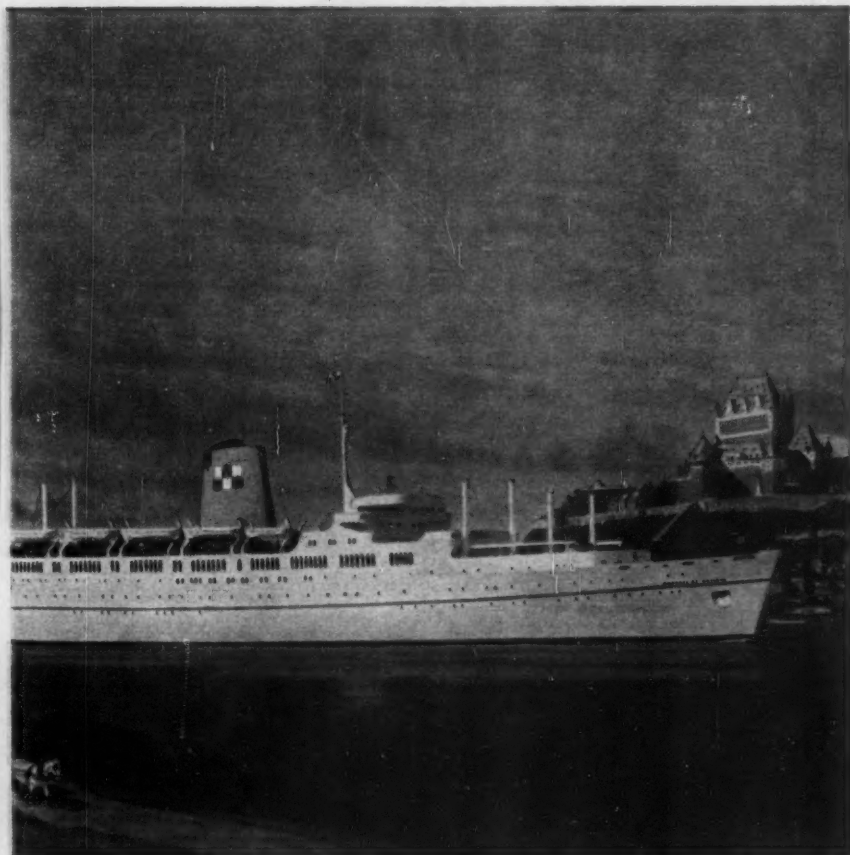
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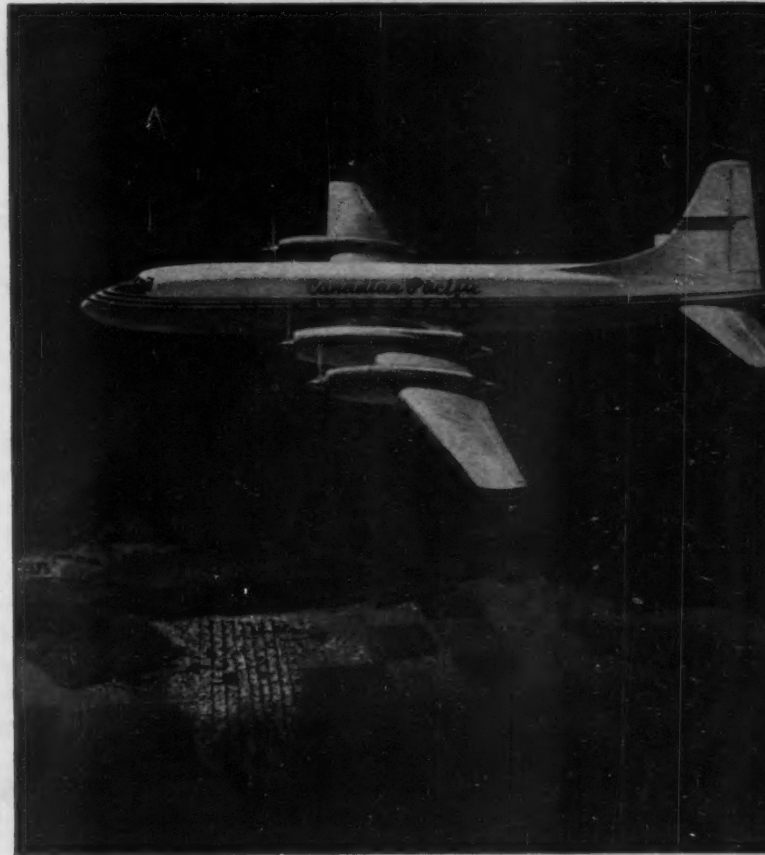




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in the April 12 issue of
MACLEAN'S

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ON SALE APRIL 3



There was better

Today the constantly an advantage. You willing to pay the

WHEN I started eagerly off to university in 1920, I believed I could have, or be, anything in life I desired. To many women this conviction might appear to be a fine youthful dream. But one of the most remarkable things about my life is that thirty-seven long hard years later, I still believe it's true.

But I'm not sure our university students today know this—or even believe it. Had anybody said to me when I was hurrying to a class hugging a notebook, "What do you want?" I would have replied without hesitation, "I want to skate!" or (if there was no ice) "I want to dance."

But I'm certain if I asked one of the plaid-skirted girls I see on the campus today, "What do you want?" she'd solemnly say, "I want to get married." And if I asked her, "When?" she would say, "As soon as possible."

What is the difference?

Were we a more frivolous generation? I don't think so. But we were much more aware of our new-found freedoms at university—especially if you happened to be a girl. We had been raised in homes and families where rigidity was the rule. The patterns of our behavior were clearly outlined. At university, for a few short years we had, what seemed to us, a burst of freedom before we settled down into another kind of restricted family living. We knew from what we saw of our friends and relatives that when you got married, you were restricted.

But this isn't the case today.

Now the teen-ager is not aware of family rigidity. Families are on wheels. Relationships are more fluid. The position of the father and the mother and their different areas of command are changing. Teen-agers are encouraged to choose their own courses, their friends, the colors of their bedrooms.

Revolution in our kitchens

The second thing that has happened in the family is that much of the drudgery of housework is gone. Kitchens look unfurnished without sleek appliances built in. All kinds of laundering steps and cleaning procedures have become as obsolete as the player piano. The modern housewife would no more consider getting along without cake mixes on her shelf and frozen foods in the freezer compartment of the refrigerator than she would try to manage without salt.

A third change is that a full share of education for girls is taken for granted. My mother had to take a

stand and say, "My daughter will have the same chance of an education as my sons." But today any girl who has the mental equipment is able to take whatever kind of education in whatever field she chooses.

A fourth change is the fact that money has been relatively easy to get. Our economy has been booming. Jobs, even for people without much training, are plentiful and the pay cheques have been fat. There has been no need to wait several years to save up enough money to set up housekeeping. As soon as the boy and girl are making enough so that they can support each other, they can get married. Couples have been marrying younger. Many girls feel they are old maids if they aren't married by the time they are twenty-one.

Along with early marriages we have more children. Frequently I hear a prospective bride say determinedly, "I'm going to have lots of children. There were only two of us in our family—and it's no good. I am going to have at least four."

Most people are aware of the fact that our young people are marrying earlier and having more children. But there is another revolutionary change in our lives that many people have not observed—or feel it is just a temporary trend. This is the growing practice of married women working. In Canada almost one half of all women in the working force in Canada are married. These figures don't refer simply to women without children. Many mothers of school-age children hold down some job outside the home.

When we roll out those important-sounding phrases like "great social changes" we always think of some far-off place like India or Africa. But the great social changes are taking place here, in North America, right in our own kitchens.

Another theme song that has been dinned monotonously into our ears for far too long is that one that begins "the changing role of modern woman." There is no doubt about it that a woman's role has changed. But too many speeches and articles seem to imply that women must wait until the dust settles or their role stops evolving, before they can hope to grapple with the situation.

I believe women should, and can, deal adequately and happily with all the changes in their world and their family relationships right now, today.

Thirty-seven long hard years later I have added to my theme song: you can have anything you want if you are willing to pay the price for it.

It is an astonishing thing to me that women are so slow to grasp this

never a
time to be a woman . . .

*changing pattern of a woman's life is actually
can have anything you want but you must be
price of being a person* By DR. MARION HILLIARD

most important fact. I admire women. I admire their towering strength. You just have to see a mother defending her child to realize how tough a woman can be. But women also have optimism and courage and a crusading zeal that has carried them triumphantly through battles for social changes and better living conditions. And along with her toughness and strength of purpose a woman has the most beautiful, gentle, wooing, complete capitulation of the body. Besides all these other gifts a woman has an amazing versatility which is part of being female.

But I sometimes ask myself, "Here you have a creature who is all these miraculous things—how can she be so stupid?"

All these changes I've talked about have been taking place around them but women are not alert enough to size up the situation and decide which way to play it. Women get confused because their lives don't follow the same pattern one year after another. For example, a mother who has teenage children has to arrange her life in an entirely different way from when she had preschool children. A mother whose children are married has to assess the whole situation afresh and decide how she will spend her time and concentrate her interests.

A woman goes through many different stages of her life. In the beginning she's a flirt. (Of course, girls today don't go in for flirting. They go steady.) But in my day women flirted and it was a lot of fun. First, then, a woman is a flirt, a sweetheart, then she becomes a wife, a lover, a mother, and then after her children grow up she may go back to a career.

These are all the different roles that a woman has to play. This may seem difficult and even unfair. But it also means you can have what you want—if you are willing to understand and pay the price of being a person all your life. A woman should never make the error of considering herself a wife, or a mother, or a widow, or a divorcee. She is a person above all—a whole person with all the wealth of attributes which being a woman embodies.

But you protest, "There is a time in my life when I am all wife. There is a time when I'm all mother." And you are right. But you must never lose sight of the basic fact that every individual needs a central core which is constantly reviving its spiritual strength. You must work for a reason—not to buy a refrigerator, or get a down payment on a house or do something that is really trivial just to get the money at the end of the week.

You work because you really get satisfaction out of the work.

A woman says "I don't want struggle and achievement. I just want to be happy." But she doesn't realize that happiness is really a by-product of maturity. Teen-agers now are the least mature group of that age in generations. It's true that they probably know more about guided missiles and electronics than other generations. But factual information is not maturity. It's knowledge. They probably know exactly the right shade of lipstick to wear with their particular coloring and what musicals are playing on Broadway. But that's not maturity either. That's sophistication, a veneer, a façade. Maturity is the ability to meet whatever life offers with intelligence and faith and that doesn't mean just the courage to cope with bad breaks, but the grace and dignity to take the lucky breaks too.

What is maturity?

One of the inconsistencies of teenagers today in Canada and the United States is the fact that they are given all kinds of freedom. They date at twelve, choose school courses, spend money. But at the same time they are carefully protected. They are not really responsible for their actions for many years. They are seldom called upon to make a tough, lasting decision—a decision they can't walk away from, a decision where there is no escape. Their growth toward maturity is erratic and uneven. Because they haven't had the responsibility of their own destiny, they don't really know how to survive.

I am not speaking about physical survival. I mean the survival of self, the person. Stripped of all the accompaniments of adulthood which we so often mistake for maturity—possessions, status, acquaintances, responsibilities—we must feel that there is a strong central core of self remaining.

A psychologist could easily supply a fine precise definition of maturity. But I think what I mean is expressed best in my favorite Good Friday poem by John Masefield: "I had a valley farm above a brook, the sheepbells there were sweet. All this they took, yea, I gave it them, but my own soul's courage, this they could not take."

That is what I mean by maturity. There's another way of expressing it.

There is a day when you look at your newborn child for the first time and when it blinks at you from its crumpled-up little face it will want, and need, more than anything else in this thrusting, shifting world of ours, a mother whose own soul's courage is tried and true. ♦

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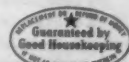
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**Easy to make...
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Whether you serve them fresh from the oven for tea-time snacks, or toasted and generously buttered for breakfast, the whole family will cheer when you serve delicious, fragrant Sugar 'n' Spice Buns. They're easy to make, too, with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast... so when you bake at home why not surprise your family with this sugar 'n' spice treat?

SUGAR 'N' SPICE BUNS

Makes 32 buns

Wash and dry
¾ cup seedless raisins
¾ cup currants

Scald
1 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in
½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar

Cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Sift together 3 times
2 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ground cloves

Stir the lukewarm milk mixture and
1 well-beaten egg
into the yeast mixture.

Stir in the sifted dry ingredients and beat until smooth and elastic. Stir in the fruits and beat well.

Work in
2½ cups more (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough until smooth and elastic.

Place in a greased bowl and brush lightly with melted butter or margarine.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draft and let rise until doubled in bulk—about 1½ hours. Punch down dough. Divide dough in half. Form each half of dough into a roll 16 inches long. Cut each roll into 16 pieces. Form into balls and place 16 balls in each of two greased 8-inch square cake pans.

Brush liberally with melted butter or margarine.

Combine
½ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

and sprinkle buns with this mixture. Cover and let rise until a little more than doubled in bulk—about 1¼ hours. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 35 minutes.



Needs no refrigeration

Keeps fresh for weeks

Always active, fast rising

*Are we afraid to trust our teachers to deal
with our educational crisis?*

EDUCATION IS NOT EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

HILDA NEATBY, the author of *So Little For The Mind*, reports on the recent Canadian Conference on Education

THE tumult and the shouting were dying in the halls and conference rooms of the Chateau Laurier. The captains of education—deputy ministers and deans, superintendents and presidents—jostled with the kings—bankers, labor leaders and industrialists; and these were almost lost in the crowd of lesser folk—principals and teachers and trustees, home-and-schoolers and professors. The Canadian Conference on Education was over. For the first time in a generation representatives of all levels of education, elementary, secondary and university, met at Ottawa in free and general talk with representatives of their clients, parents, businessmen and labor unions. No interested group was excluded, nor was any matter remotely pertaining to education slighted. The conference passed from the cradle to the grave, from therapeutic handicrafts to atomic research in four days of loquacity and good fellowship.

There has never been anything quite like this before in Canada and much good may come from it. The conference was carefully planned as a demonstration to the nation of the magnitude and the importance, the complexity and the cost of this major industry. Arrangements for publicity before the conference ensured that few Canadians could escape hearing about it. And eight hundred delegates went home to watchful committees prepared to pounce upon them and to extract editorials, articles, radio interviews and addresses to service clubs. Canadians everywhere must have become more aware of education and what it's all about than ever before.

And the delegates, too, learned a great deal. Apart from plenary sessions and workshops, hundreds of people from all parts of the country of different interests, occupations and viewpoints have had thousands of conversations. The variation of viewpoints, the clash of opinions, and even of personalities, was often sharp, perhaps momentarily distressing, but always stimulating. There was an enormous amount of good will and good humor combined not just with a willingness but with a determination to learn, and to come at least to understanding, if not to agreement.

And yet I went very reluctantly to

this conference. I had grave doubts about its aims and purposes, to say nothing of its "subject-matter areas" to use educational words. I thought it might be better for many of us to go quietly on doing our teaching rather than to spend four noisy days talking about education. And in spite of most enjoyable and rewarding experiences as a delegate, I can still draw up a pretty stiff indictment of the whole affair.

The conference was planned, according to some of its promoters, to "take a look at the crisis in education." A miscellaneous gathering of eight hundred people, many of them previously unknown to each other, may be agreeable and useful in its way. It is, however, hardly capable in four days even of discussing, still less of planning, the kind of action which a true crisis demands. How could these hundreds of people analyze a critical situation, separate essentials from nonessentials, consider alternative procedures and come up with clear proposals, all in four days?

Even the preliminary work done by eleven commissions in each of the eight areas of discussion could be more embarrassing than helpful. Even the careful distribution into workshops and "buzz groups" could render a bad situation worse by causing a sense of lost identity. There may be safety in numbers. There is almost certainly confusion. What was needed was a lifeboat crew, not a Dominion Day excursion with no one left behind.

If this conference was too large in its membership it was also too loose in its planning and program. It is all very well to be broadminded and include everything, but surely a crisis calls for the strong-minded who can establish priorities, ruthlessly excluding the nonessential, ruthlessly postponing what is less than urgent.

Such an attitude was evidently impossible to the conference planners. To do them justice some of them were not even quite sure that there was a crisis to look at. "Representative citizens," it was announced, "... will take a look at the 'crisis in education' and examine the situation in the light of the needs of society and the Canadian economy, and more



particularly the needs of the children and youth of today if they are to be educated to assume their rights and responsibilities as citizens in that bright and prosperous future which the Gordon Commission has predicted for Canada."

Well, setting aside the question of syntax, is there a crisis or isn't there? Is there rather only the pleasant vista of a bright and prosperous future down which the children and youth are to be encouraged to wander gracefully? This preliminary announcement foreshadowed accurately enough the program of the conference. There was something for everybody. The conference dealt not only with teachers and what and how they should teach

quite competent to teach their children how to brush their teeth, eat their salad and drive the family car. They are even prepared to help them to speak politely and to behave kindly and honorably. Of course they want the schools to give them firm support in all these purposes for which the home exists. And, of course, they acknowledge the need for special help for children, rich or poor, who are neglected at home. But they demand—some of them have been demanding for many years—that the schools make central their primary function, the cultivation and the enrichment of the mind, along with the skills necessary for that purpose.

And if parents did not wish for

"There may be safety in numbers. There is almost certainly confusion. What was needed was a lifeboat crew, not a Dominion Day excursion with no one left behind."

but with school buildings, school finance, the role of the home, the needs of retarded and disabled children, and the needs of every other Canadian in school or out of school.

Even the special questions posed for consideration seemed to be framed not to meet but rather to evade the very special and pressing issues of the day. "What sort of person, in broad general terms, do we want our educational institutions to try to produce . . . ?" "What kind of educational program will produce the sort of person described . . . ?"

It has been made very clear by many Canadians in many parts of Canada that they do not want education to "produce" any standard person by the sort of educational conditioning which seemed to be contemplated. They demand rather that the very individual children whom they send to school be taught to work hard and effectively at quite old-fashioned things like reading and writing, history and geography, mathematics and chemistry, and literature and languages.

Very many Canadian parents feel

these things it would be the plain duty of "professional" educators to tell them that these are what the children need and what the schools are for. Our schools today are not merely preparing children for "the bright economic future predicted by the Gordon Commission for Canada." They are helping to prepare them for a pretty bleak world where hate and envy, passion and greed, threaten to blot out all sweetness and light. They are preparing them (we may as well face the facts) to be members of a society committed to defend its territory, its wealth and its way of life by methods of warfare too horrible to contemplate and costly beyond imagination.

Children with ability (unless "society" changes its mind) must therefore be trained to continue and increase the exploitation of our natural wealth. They must also be trained to carry on the extremely complex research needed even to keep abreast of actual or possible rivals in arms and in industry. To do that they must be encouraged and taught to work very

Continued on page 74



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The ham is shown in a PYREX Oval Utility Dish. Easy-grip handles. Doesn't stain. Cleans like a dream. It's baking dish and serving platter, too. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 16\frac{3}{16} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, \$2.95.

The candied sweets are baked — and served — in the 80 oz. PYREX Decorator Casserole. Transparent cover is a table-protecting tile or an extra baking or serving dish. 48 oz. size, with cover, \$4.50; 80 oz., \$5.95.

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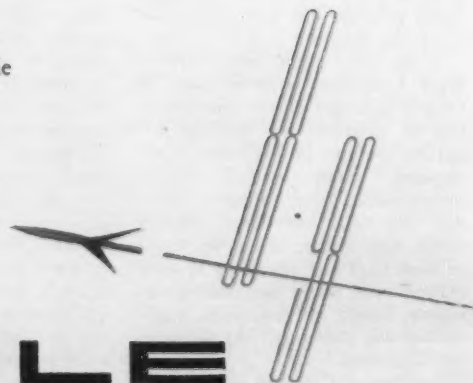
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a small step up in price—a big step up in pleasure!

OLDSMOBILE



CHATELAINE — APRIL 1958

• In Britain, midwives deliver eighty percent of all babies — and infant mortality is far below Canada's. These carefully trained women relieve busy doctors, stay with anxious mothers throughout labor

DO WE NEED MIDWIVES IN CANADA?

YES

says Mrs. Anna Davies,
a housewife and mother of three

AS TOLD TO ROBERT FULFORD

• Two crucial problems today face every Canadian who is concerned with the problems of childbirth—and that, of course, means every Canadian mother or mother-to-be. One of them is our shamefully high infant-mortality rate. The other is the frightened, nervous way in which many Canadian women approach childbirth.

Canada has the second highest standard of living in the world, but it ranks thirteenth among the nations in infant survival. We are well behind such countries as Sweden, Denmark, New Zealand, Switzerland and Britain.

The second problem seems to begin with the actual circumstances of childbirth in Canada. Many of our women, isolated from familiar surroundings in the coldly antiseptic atmosphere of the modern hospital, think that little consideration is given to their own feelings. As a result, they sometimes regard childbirth as a frightening, forbidding prospect.

The partial solution to both of these problems may lie in a system which few Canadians have ever considered seriously: midwife training.

In Canada, the word "midwife" still evokes memories of a superstition-ridden old woman ignorant of all modern technique, spiteful toward doctors and casual toward patients. In other parts of the world, most notably Britain, "midwife" means the opposite: a smooth, efficient, well-trained obstetrical nurse who plays an indispensable role in the community. An American obstetrician, Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman of Johns Hopkins University, has admirably described the typical member of the corps of 17,000 government-certified midwives in Britain:

The modern midwife of Britain represents about the finest type of professional personnel you would want to meet. Alert, conscientious and thoroughly at home in normal obstetrics, as well as in the earliest signs of the Continued on page 84

NO

says Dr. Elizabeth Wiley,
one of Canada's busiest obstetricians

• The creation of a midwife tradition similar to the one developed in the United Kingdom and some other countries has been suggested as one possible cure for Canada's surprisingly high infant-mortality rate. How do most Canadian doctors feel about this idea?

I'm sure that the majority of Canadian doctors are opposed to it strongly.

What is the reason for their opposition?

It is obvious that the fact that a mother is delivered by a midwife is not the reason why the infant-mortality rate is lower in some countries. Only a very small percent of the infant death rate is due to actual delivery. Midwives certainly are not equipped to deal with complications that may arise during labor and delivery.

But in England, where fewer babies die, proportionately, than in Canada, midwives seem to manage fairly well—and also in other countries, like the Netherlands and Denmark.

Obstetrically they seem to manage fairly well—help being available when needed—although the delay is often considerable and precious time may be lost in the meantime.

Then having midwives handle delivery, with doctors on call, doesn't impress you as an adequate arrangement?

No, because complications can arise too quickly. It's true that most women deliver normally. We are all in favor of it. But a great deal can occur between the beginning and the end of delivery that will require a doctor, who will not be able to get there in time.

In England, where eighty percent of Continued on page 87

CANADIAN

Society

HAS IT CHANGED MUCH SINCE THE WAR?
HOW HARD IS IT TO CRASH THE UPPER UPPER OLD GUARD?
WHO'S WHO AND WHERE?

By JEANNINE LOCKE

The publication of a national social register, like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, is a marvelously difficult venture which seems to some observers to serve no useful purpose. Yet it continues to attract participants. Not once but twice in the last ten years, groups of able-minded citizens have attempted a social register. The first effort in 1947 was a well-publicized failure. It seems likely that the latest try, which began with much fanfare in 1957, will flounder in 1958. The trouble is: it's too late for a social register of Canada. Canadian society began to shift and shake nearly two decades ago. It shows no signs of stopping long enough now to be surveyed accurately.

Changes began to show after the Second World War. Now, like a teen-ager who has been away at school, Canadian society is a stranger to those who knew it best a few years ago. It's not nearly as small and neat and nice as it used to be. It's bewildering and, occasionally, even bad-mannered. But it isn't as dull as during the days when every good society editor knew precisely what names to put in and precisely what names to leave out of her columns.

Only a mystic would have that information now. In recognition of the change, society editors as such have almost disappeared from newspaper offices. In their place are women's editors who follow much more faithfully the rigorous course of their community's clubwomen than the after-five activities of a leisured class.

After all, the leisured class is now the bulk of the population. Country clubs which once were as cozy as private drawing rooms now are full of unfamiliar faces. Only a few private schools and those dark, wood-paneled men's clubs (one to a city from coast to coast) have kept the feeling of being a single family, well bred and connected.

War and taxes are largely responsible for this confused social situation. The war shifted the population. Federal and municipal tax collectors shook it down. The old houses, big enough for billiards, sit-down dinners for forty and white-tie balls at Christmas, became wild extravagances in the postwar years of rising income and property taxes. Besides, they were incon-

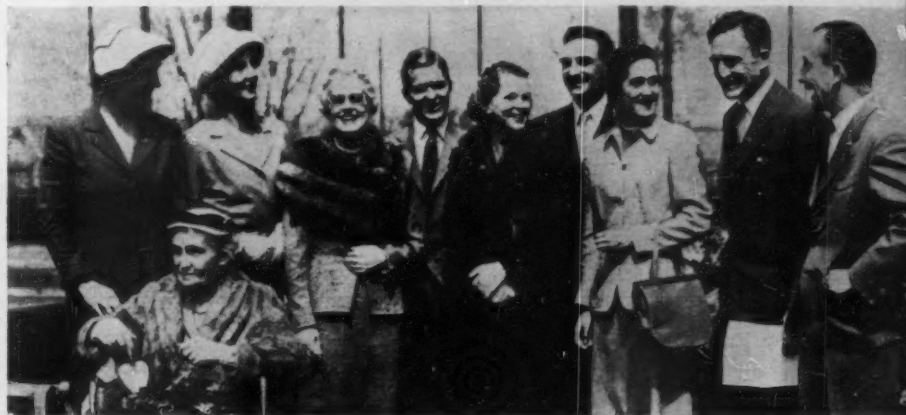


The Vancouver Grahams (outside left and right) celebrate his birthday with a party for 700.



Regina's first crop of debutantes in history included Penny Cookson who makes her curtsy here to Lt.-Gov. W. Patterson.

A former chatelaine of B.C.'s Government House, Mrs. W. C. Woodward, now a widow, lives most of the year on the family dairy farm near Victoria.



Calgary's Cross Clan: Mrs. A. E. Cross with daughters Mrs. Mary Dover and Mrs. W. Shakespeare (l. to r.), sons Sandy, J. B. and John (r. to l.) and their families.



For an auction to benefit the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Miss Kathleen Richardson (right) polishes the merchandise.

Continued on next page



Torontonians, Senator and Mrs. Salter Hayden watch the show at a \$25-a-head supper in aid of the Cancer Society.



Mrs. Malcolm MacLean, who came to Montreal from Belgium five years ago, stage-managed the ball that raised \$14,000 for the Montreal Symphony.



The wife of the Speaker of the House, Mrs. Roland Michener, was one of the busiest Ottawans during the last social season.



At the symphony ball, aboard the S.S. Homeric, Mrs. J. W. McConnell, one of the leaders of Montreal society, sips champagne with some of the 600 who paid up to \$30 each.



Col. and Mrs. S. C. Oland on their return to Halifax from a two-month trip abroad.

continued

veniences. Built to be operated by a staff of servants (who were liberated during the war), these houses were models of inefficiency in an age of once-a-week cleaning women. Their mistresses (many of them widows) moved out and crammed cherished possessions into hotel suites and apartments. And the biggest house in the block ceased to be a sure sign of affluence. It was more likely to shelter the Salvation Army, a children's aid society or a couple of dozen single girls than an old and influential family.

And the neighborhoods changed with the houses.

Saint John society moved from the vicinity of Caverhill Hall to Rothesay. Torontonians put for-sale signs on their Rosedale mansions in favor of split levels with barbecue pits on Bayview. In Winnipeg, it's Charleswood now, not Wellington Crescent. Edmontonians invest in Windsor Park and young Vancouverites aspire to a house in the British Properties. From coast to coast, the "good" addresses are no longer immediately recognizable.

Many of the young Canadians who grew up under the reassuring solidity of those *Continued on page 78*

"His family came before me"

BY VIOLET MUNNS,

Director of Casework, Neighborhood Workers' Association,

as told to JUNE CALLWOOD



John Seibert

It took two years of patient counseling before Jean admitted that her overpossessiveness had driven Stan away — and Stan realized that his first duty was to his wife and son

STAN THOMAS fled from his wife in the small hours of a winter morning five years ago for the best of all reasons—self-preservation. Jean Thomas had been demonstrating during all the years of their marriage a cannibalistic desire to devour him; she wanted to control his will, his judgment, even his reflections. He had to leave or be eaten alive.

A marriage counselor, called a week later by Jean's cousin, found a jungle of hysteria, blame and hatred within the bland walls of the suburban bungalow. Jean Thomas was unintelligible. She talked of killing herself and only erratically remembered to feed her two-year-old son Jamie. The counselor listened for hours every day until Jean, wrung out, grew calm. Stan Thomas, approached by the counselor first to provide for Jean and Jamie's support, vowed he would never return. "I never want to see her again," he said with cold wrath.

Yet this marriage was healed by counseling. Two years later Stan and Jean were reunited. Both were skeptical, cautious and scared, qualities that appear to have been useful. Their marriage now gives every appearance of enduring a lifetime.

The story that Jean Thomas poured out venomously to the marriage counselor during their early meetings was the classic tale of a domineering wife and a husband with spine enough to resist. Their final, bitterest quarrel resulted from a visit Stan made to his mother's home to paint her kitchen. Jean was always outraged when Stan went to see his mother. When he returned that night, she was furious. After an hour of tirade, she

screamed, "Get out!" Goaded beyond endurance, he left.

"I think if I had asked her permission to go to Mom's," observed Stan Thomas later, to the counselor, "that I would never have had any trouble. She just wanted to feel she was running me. But I would never ask her permission. I couldn't have felt much of a man if I did."

"If she changes," asked the marriage counselor carefully, "would you be willing to go back to her?"

"She'll never change," scoffed Thomas. "Never in a million years."

The counselor was tempted to agree but she began a valiant effort. Jean Thomas wasn't difficult to understand for a social worker skilled in psychology and compassion. She was a plain but smartly dressed woman in her early thirties, the only daughter of a woman who wanted sons. Jean had been rejected from the moment of her birth. Her mother treated her with indifference and managed to convince her from the start that she was close to worthless.

To overcome the agony of her sense of inferiority and her overwhelming conviction that no one could like her, Jean Thomas became an efficient saleswoman in a large department store and rapidly rose to become a supervisor. By working with extraordinary diligence, never being late, never permitting herself to make an error, welcoming overwork, she was able to keep at bay her devastating lack of confidence.

She met Stan Thomas, a draftsman, *Continued on page 43*





LESSON IN MURDER

BY EDITH PARGETER

Illustrated by Huntley Brown

Philip supplied such a foolproof plan for his own death, any one of them could easily have murdered him. It only took nerve and timing

● Bill felt it was turning out exactly like all the other abortive attempts to get Uncle Philip to see reason. He was being treated like an irresponsible child, though it was the whole course of his life that was at stake. He had only five days left to get the money, if he wanted to go with Lawson to Canada. Bill Grant was twenty-two, and it was his money, and he wanted and needed it now, not in three years' time. And it was unfair that Philip should be able to prevent him from getting it.

"I'm of age, and it's my money," he said.

"It's your money, all right, and it's my job to see that it's still there for you when you're twenty-five," Philip answered. "The last thing I ever wanted was to act as trustee for anyone, let alone a pigheaded brat like you. But since I got the job whether I wanted it or not, I'm going to do it properly. I don't like your prospective partner. I don't like his proposition, and I don't like your chances of being solvent at twenty-three if I let you get your hands on your capital now. And that's my last word."

"I believe you want to ruin my life!" burst out Bill. "But I'll get the money yet, in spite of you!"

"Oh, come!" Philip said reproachfully. "I could write you better lines than that, myself! But if that's the level on which you want to play the scene, I can only come back with: 'Over my dead body!'"

"And that could be arranged, too!" said Bill.

Philip's handsome, shaggy, greying head went back delightedly, and he shouted with laughter.

Bill wrenched himself away from the window and flung out of the room, scarlet to the forehead with shame at his own inadequacy and rage for his wrongs. When Philip stopped being angry and began to laugh he knew he was finished. There was nothing he could do now to get himself taken seriously. And those Renauds would be in the house all weekend, and there would be few opportunities to get Philip alone again and try to make a better job of it.

He slammed the door of Philip's study behind him as a small sop to the fever of spite that filled him, and plunged down the stairs into the great hall of the millhouse, where the early evening shadows were lengthening. Mary Greville, Philip's sister, was arranging some fresh flowers in a big silver bowl *Continued on page 59*

"We made the worst mistake of our lives when we separated," she said. Philip quivered in her arms — but it was not passion.



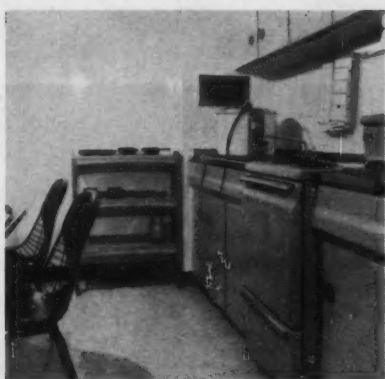
Clean
this apartment in
60 minutes

In the dining end of our living-dining area Phyllis' chores are almost nil. A weekly damp mopping—no waxing ever—keeps the parquet floor gleaming, thanks to its liquid plastic finish. Used so far mainly industrially, Epon finish resists scratches, wear, liquids, heat—but not cigarette burns. We used it on all table surfaces, too, eliminating coasters, heat pads and, of course, marks. Mopping is easy because all furniture is high and easy to get under; if it needs moving no chair weighs more than twenty-five pounds; individual sections of our six-piece dining table are ten pounds. Our lighting system eliminates table and floor lamps throughout the apartment. There are no trailing cords or lamps to move when Phyllis mops, vacuums, or dusts. Above, we have valance fluorescent lighting on the drapery wall and a pull-down fixture that swings along an arc to light any area we choose. Our bamboo blinds are vacuumed once a month—no curtain washing for Phyllis.

Living-room furniture is high, has no rungs or ridges. Upholstery is silicone-treated to resist water-base (e.g. coffee) spills. Covers on foam-rubber cushions (backs and seats) zip off for cleaning. Neutral broadloom, here and on the bedroom floor, takes twenty minutes to vacuum, twice a week. Again we eliminated all lamps with valance lighting and pull-down wall fixtures.

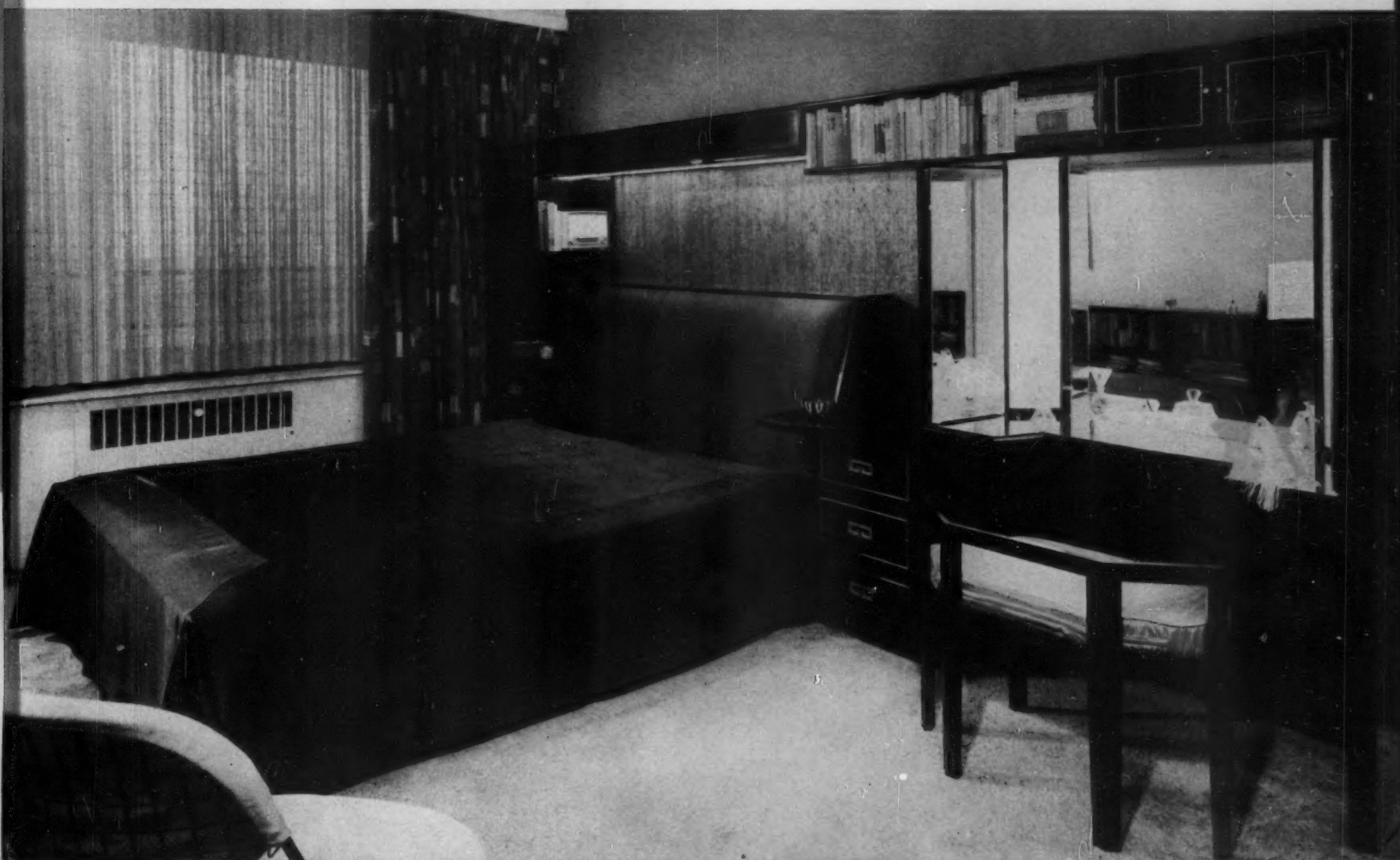
MY WIFE'S NOT A





Kitchen tasks were cut in half: Assets of ceramic-tile walls, stainless-steel sink came with apartment. Our dishwasher, which runs on tap water, cuts dishwashing time in half. Three-shelf utility cart, built counter height, is invaluable for storing dirty dishes, trundling cleaning supplies, food and table settings. Linoleum-tile floor was given a lacquer finish which requires only washing—never waxing. To wash the floor Phyllis moves out the cart, lets the wall-supported, legless kitchen table (far left) down against the wall for a clear field with her mop (time—eight minutes, three times a week).

Bedroom broadloom is easily vacuumed with furniture either flush with floor or high-standing. Lighting is in headboard. Plenty of vanity drawers eliminate on-top dust catchers so dusting can be done with vacuum attachment.



HOUSEWORK SLAVE — BY GEORGE ROBERTSON

● Today and every day between the hours of nine and ten my wife Phyllis does her daily dusting, mopping, bed-making, bathroom clean-up and general tidying, plus separate cleaning jobs that cover every inch of our three-room apartment at least once a month. Two years ago she spent several hours a day performing these same chores in a two-room apartment.

This month our spring-cleaning will consist of sending the drapes to the cleaners, having the walls cleaned and the carpeting shampooed. Nothing else has been allowed to accumulate enough soil to need special attention. Best of all, the jobs that have disappeared are the hard, tiring ones—the scrubbing, waxing, polishing, furniture-lifting chores that make housekeeping so physically exhausting.

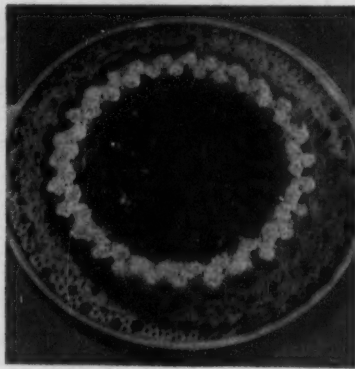
It takes Phyllis eight minutes to dust and mop, four to make the bed, six to wash the bathroom sink, tub and floor, and two to sweep

the kitchen. This includes the incidental jobs of putting away books, papers and magazines, carrying ash trays, glasses, etc., to the kitchen.

In our old apartment Phyllis spent more time lifting, moving and shifting things than she did using the mop and duster. Clearing the table tops of a dozen objects, including heavy lamps with their teetering shades; stooping and stretching to reach chair and table rungs, with their dust-catching crevices and ridges; shifting mammoth furniture, impossible to clean under because it was built too close to the floor; coping with a maze of tangled lamp cords—all these slowed her housework to a crawl.

Dusting now involves lifting nothing heavier than an ash tray. The furniture has no rungs. Dry mopping is restricted to an area of hardwood twelve feet square. The rest of the apartment floor is covered with neutral-colored broadloom

Continued on page 26

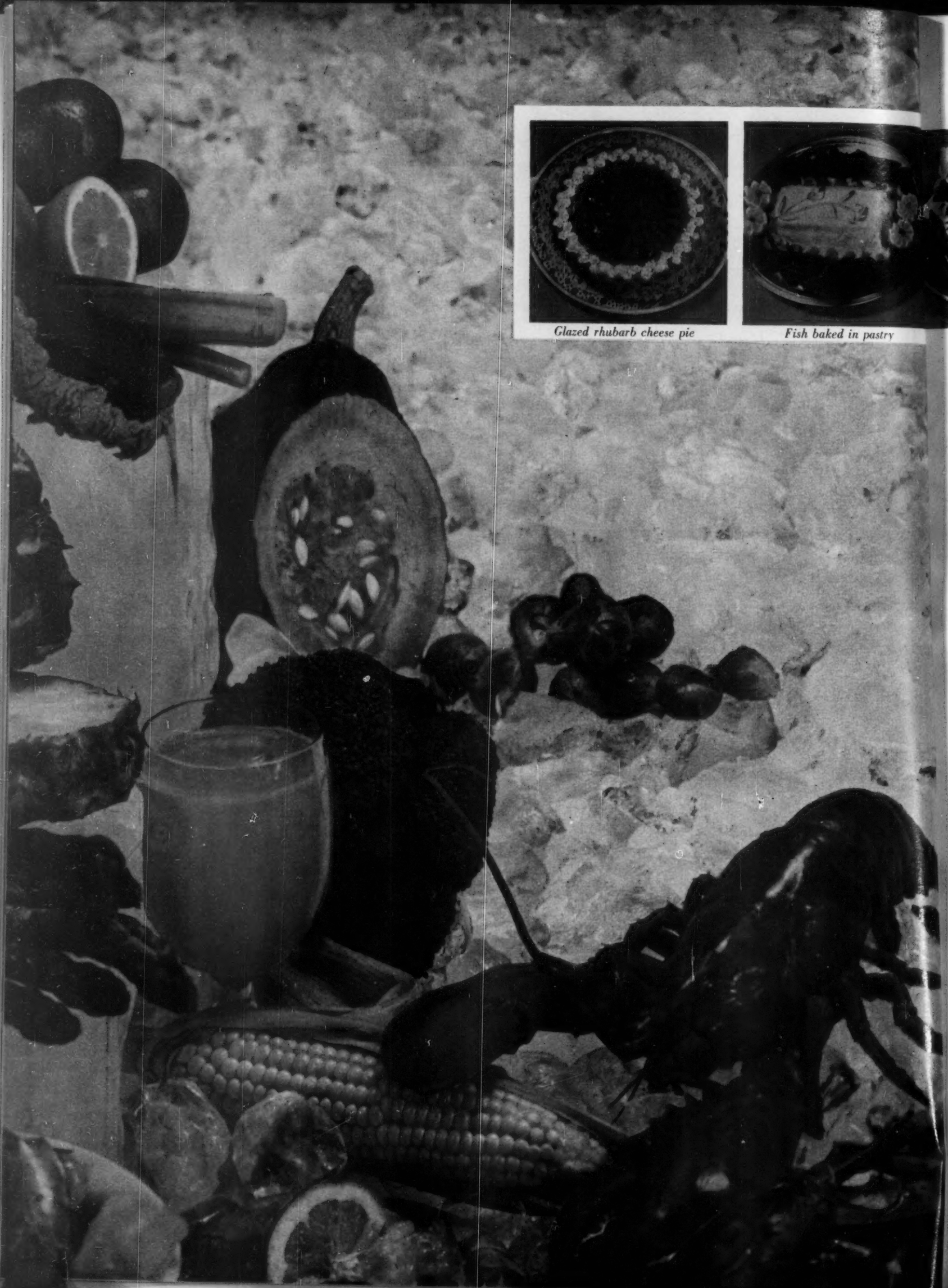


Glazed rhubarb cheese pie



Fish baked in pastry

Lent

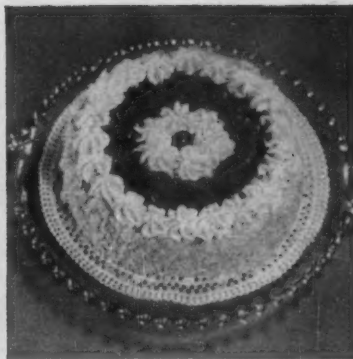




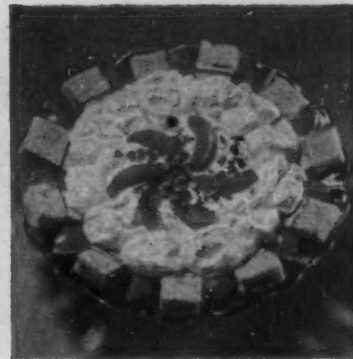
Lenten salad platter



Savory veal rolls



Marshmallow cherry shortcake



Peach cream trifle

cook the

FROSTY FOODS

for a taste of summer now

By ELAINE COLLETT, Director Chatelaine Institute

Photographs by Peter Croydon

Now is the time for frozen foods. With summer in the air, all thoughts (and palates) turn to garden-fresh greens and fruit. But until these arrive on the market abundantly and cheaply, you can satisfy your family's yearning with today's great, growing variety of frozen packs. Here, then, are summer-in-April recipes—plus up-to-the-minute hints on cooking and coping with many frozen foods.

GLAZED RHUBARB CHEESE PIE (For a deep, 9-inch, lightly baked pie shell)

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (12 ounces) creamed cottage cheese	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flake-type coconut
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 package sweetened frozen rhubarb, defrosted
2 tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten	1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind	2 tablespoons cold water
1 tablespoon lemon juice	Red food coloring
1 cup evaporated milk or 10-percent cream	

Press the cheese through a sieve. Add the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, flour, eggs, lemon rind and juice, evaporated milk and coconut. Pour into the lightly baked pie shell. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes at 300 degrees F. or until filling is set.

Heat the rhubarb in a saucepan with the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Add the cornstarch mixed with the water. Cook until thick and clear. Add a few drops of red coloring. Pour the rhubarb mixture over the cheese filling, and spread the rhubarb pieces out in a single layer. Chill, garnish with whipped cream if desired.

PEACH CREAM TRIFLE

Frosted or plain cake fingers, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick	2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 can frozen sliced peaches, defrosted	1 package quick vanilla pudding or Egg Nog Sauce
2 tablespoons sweet sherry	1 cup sweetened whipped cream

Drain the peaches. Add the sherry and lemon juice to the peach juice and dip the cake fingers in this mixture. Line a bowl with the cake

fingers. Cover with half the peaches, then with half the vanilla pudding made according to package directions. Repeat the layers and spread whipped cream on top. Chill for several hours. Serves 6 to 8.

EGG NOG SAUCE

Beat 2 eggs until thick. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar and 2 tablespoons sherry, brandy, rum or pineapple juice. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream.

MARSHMALLOW CHERRY SHORTCAKE

2 8-inch layers of white cake	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 package cherry-flavored jelly powder	1 (15-ounce) can frozen cherries, defrosted
2 egg whites	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	Red food coloring
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipping cream (optional)

Measure 2 tablespoons of the jelly-powder crystals into the top part of a double boiler. Add unbeaten egg whites, sugar, water and cream of tartar.

Cut a circle around the top of each cake half an inch in from the edge and $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch deep. Carefully remove the cake from the centres with a fork to make two shells.

Drain the cherries and set aside. Heat and stir the juice with the remaining jelly powder until dissolved. Add the cold water and cherries and a few drops of the red food coloring. Chill until it begins to set then spoon half the cherry mixture into each cake shell and chill until firm.

Beat the egg-white mixture in the top of the double boiler over boiling water until stiff and smooth. Cool in the refrigerator until of spreading consistency. Place cake layers together with sweetened whipped cream and spread the frosting thickly on sides and top edge. Sprinkle with coconut and garnish with whipped-cream rosettes. Chill until serving time. Makes 8 servings.

For more recipes and tips on "frozen" cookery, see page 56



Master bedroom boasts golden maple furniture in a handsome colonial design. Bed has a convenient storage headboard; striped spread is rust and black. For the floor — Irish homespun sisal carpeting in a beige Harris-tweed design. Documentary-print drapery (on floor) blends with the small, geometric wallpaper pattern. Bench by Roxton; other furniture by Vilas; wallpaper by Canadian Wallpaper; fabric for bedspread by A. B. Caya; drapery by Morton Sundour; and sisal carpeting by Tintawn.



In the children's room sturdy maple bunk beds save floor space. Both the desk-chest and chair brighten the room with a hard-wearing white finish on solid elm. Chair fabric is gay catalogue. The large nautical motif of the drapery combines with wallpaper print of tiny kites. Inlaid linoleum in a stick design on speckled background hides marks. Desk and chair by Thibault; beds by Imperial; drapery by Morton Sundour; wallpaper by Canadian Wallpaper; linoleum by Dominion Oilcloth.

For its sturdy ability to stay beautiful in any well-lived-in home, we choose

PROVINCIAL FOR YOUNG FAMILIES

• Besides beauty and practicability, Provincial has this added advantage—generally it's less expensive. The furniture itself is made of tough Canadian hardwood instead of costlier imported cabinet woods. Finishes are durable, often especially designed to resist spills and scuffing. Compatible floor coverings, too, are the durable less expensive types—fibre rugs, tile, linoleum. And in fabrics and wallpaper, Provincial design comes into its own for young families. The small, allover patterns show little wear or soil, create a friendly, intimate atmosphere. As to finishing touches—shop for secondhand accessories (we show some such “finds” on page 68), or choose inexpensive glass, metal and pottery. On these pages we show both furniture and patterns for young families, with suggestions for combining various patterns (a favorite treatment with the early settlers). Suitable accessories with a Provincial flavor round out the rooms.

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD
Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

Fabrics and wallpaper show the variety of Provincial pattern available — from allover geometric designs to large scenic prints to stylized flowers and sprigs. Linoleum (bottom left) copies the authentic early colonial spatter-dash floor. Most typical fabrics for prints are fine cotton, glazed chintz.



In the dining room the tawny maple table and arrow-back chairs are effectively combined with a solid elm buffet in fruitwood finish. The vinyl-asbestos floor tiles are both practical and decorative. Glazed

chintz draperies and the wallpaper were chosen to blend. Dining set by Roxton; buffet by Knechtel; drapery by Morton Sundour; wallpaper by Canadian Wallpaper; tile by Flintcote; milk glass—Swedish Gifts.



This family room is warmer, more informal in feeling than the living room, right. The charming, all-over upholstery print disguises dirt; cushion covers zip off. The sturdy elm coffee table is finished in smoky brown. Maple hutch cabinet provides a serving bar for entertaining, and storage. Cabinet by Knechtel; chair, sofa, end table by Imperial; coffee table by Thibault; drapery—A. B. Caya; tile by Amtico.



Living-room furniture is French Provincial in inspiration with a suggestion of formality. The solid cherry-wood server has an open shelf and drawer space. Excellent for a picture window are the loose-woven net curtains with colored horizontal stripes. The dark print could be used for accent cushions. Sofa by Town and Country; chair by Braemore; server by Middlesex; curtains—Sanderson's; wool carpet—Wellington.

DISCOVER
YOUR
SECRET

BEAUTY

BY VIVIAN WILCOX
Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor

Five top Canadian models help us prove that every woman can be more beautiful—if she cares. In the AFTER photos you see them as they really look, whether on the job or in busy private life. BEFORE, we show them with only a swipe of lipstick and nondescript hair styles—just, in fact, as they (or you?) might appear if they didn't care enough to look their best always



Feminine



■ Soft-spoken, pretty Barbara Ellis (above) combines a business career with homemaking and looking after two blond, blue-eyed girls aged two and a half and one and a half years. She has been modeling for sixteen years which is quite a record—particularly for a woman with such fragile, blond beauty. Her secrets? A half hour of daily care (most women with Barbara's responsibilities think they haven't time for beauty) and a light touch. Her make-up is truly subtle, as you can see by comparing her "before" and "after" pictures. She uses a light liquid foundation, powder, rouge, pink lipstick, a light-brown eye pencil, brown mascara, just a smidge of blue shadow.

When choosing clothes, she eschews all fuss and furbelows—the fashion downfall of many a girl of Barbara's type. Instead, her main concern is to find the lines and colors that are most becoming. When one sees Barbara, one doesn't think so much of what she's wearing, as how lovely she looks. Her favorite perfume: Worth's classic *Je Reviens*—a floral bouquet. Scarcely visible here but a joy to behold are Barbara's hands. If you would keep your nails as well-groomed—your hands as smooth and white as Barbara's—in spite of babies and housework, follow her advice on page 34.



Junior Miss

■ Our Junior Miss is Susan Clark, a brown-haired, blue-eyed sixteen-year-old with a charming smile. Susan learned at an early age that beauty can be cultivated. Two years ago she proved it by taking a self-improvement course designed for teen-agers. As a result of this training it is not surprising that Susan is interested in clothes, is more assured, more individual in her tastes than most girls her age. For instance, she loves and wears the chemise—although most of her classmates prefer the safe conformity of sweaters and skirts. In the “after” picture above, she wears a youthful, two-piece

chemise with middy tie, wide collar, in a new blend of “hot” colors: yellows and reds. And to her simple, almost-straight hairdo (see “before”), she has added her own individual touch: bangs. Like most sixteen-year-old schoolgirls, Susan’s everyday beauty aids are sensibly confined to a facecloth, hairbrush, powder and lipstick. Even when modeling she aims for a natural look, but has already begun to develop good grooming habits that will stay with her all her life. One of these is hair care—a subject treated in detail, page 34, along with hair coloring, both temporary and permanent.



Photographed by Paul Rockett Clothes by Simpson's

■ It is Ann Milling whom fashion editors, TV and advertising agencies call when they want a model with whom elegant women can identify themselves—someone to show off the latest Paris fashions. During the past two years Ann has had modeling assignments as far west as Banff, as far north as Labrador, as far south as Nassau. She is tall and slim, wears sample size 12, and is just as glamorous-looking in real life as she appears in this “after” picture, left. With so much in her favor you might think she would rest content. But she is a true professional—always looking for new fashion angles, new beauty tricks. For example, she was born with dark-brown hair. One day, the noted hair stylist Guillaume suggested she become a redhead. Everyone who saw Ann’s new hair color was delighted—except her husband! Now, even he is getting used to the idea. And just as she changes the color of her hair whenever the job or the mood dictates, so she changes the style. When modeling the chemise, she is quite likely to have bangs. For Chatelaine’s glamour photo, she fluffed her hair up with a brush in the latest and—what appears to be—completely artless style. And notice the change in her mouth shape. She has drawn on the currently fashionable Kay Kendall look—more angle to the bow. Her eyes are changeling grey—look blue when she wears blue eye shadow and a blue dress, green when that color is close. Ann is an expert at eye make-up—she used to work with Elizabeth Arden. For more details, see page 40.



Glamorous

Continued

Continued

■ Joan Blackman, the girl with the gamin grin, is far from the conventional beauty. In fact, she thinks she has more problems than most girls. In the first place, she is tiny—have you ever tried to find size 5 or 7 dress? Joan likes separates, particularly black leotards and turtle-neck sweaters—and has lots of opportunity to wear them. To her, modeling is just a money-making sideline while waiting for her big chance to come in TV. She has always been interested in acting, attended summer theatre at fourteen and took part in radio plays in Montreal before moving to Toronto. Asked the kind of role she prefers, Joan will say that in the past she was often cast as an intense dreamy ingénue, but doesn't want to be "typed." When these "before" and "after" photos were taken she was rehearsing the part of a witch-girl in CBC's *Dark of the Moon*. Her black hair is long ("so I can do it whatever way my roles require") and she has a fringe that she trims herself. She must take special care of her skin she explains, not because of lights or stage make-up so much, but "because of nerves." Her eyes are average size (see "before") but she makes them appear large and arresting by the clever use of eye liner and shadow. Her mouth is generous and she applies her lipstick carefully, drawing an outline first with her brush—for lip make-up see page 36.



Gamin



Outdoor Girl

■ Betty Neden was born in the west—Lethbridge, Alta. Perhaps that helps account for her special brand of good looks—her unusual height, sturdy figure, fresh skin and clear eyes. But much is also due to Betty's own efforts. Most people think of her as the typical outdoor girl. And she is. She enjoys golf, water skiing—is excellent at badminton. She looks wonderful in sports clothes, in tweeds. But the typical outdoor girl is apt to pooh-pooh beauty—at least the kind that comes in jars and bottles. Not so Betty. She wears as much make-up—and applies it as carefully—as the other models: foundation, powder, black mascara, blue eye shadow, a true-red lipstick. And

in a floor-length satin evening gown, her long black hair smoothed back in a French roll—Betty looks positively regal. Of course her height helps. She is the tallest of our models—5 foot 10. If, as is usual with tall girls, there have been moments in her life when she would gladly have parted with an inch or two, you'd never know it. Betty has found that there are advantages to being tall and learned to make the most of them: to stand straight, hold her head erect and walk with a light step, an easy stride. As you can see, both in the large "after" picture and in the small "before" picture—minus make-up, her skin is flawless. To keep yours the same way, see page 38.



Photo Rizzo

Jean D'ALBRET
PARIS



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*Mise en flacon et emballage réalisés en France. Vendu
aux meilleurs comptoirs de parfumerie partout au Canada.*

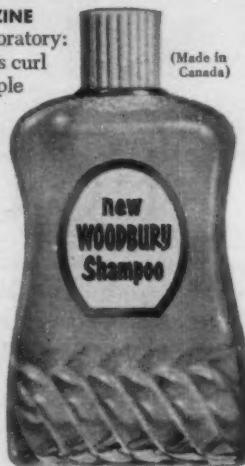


Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



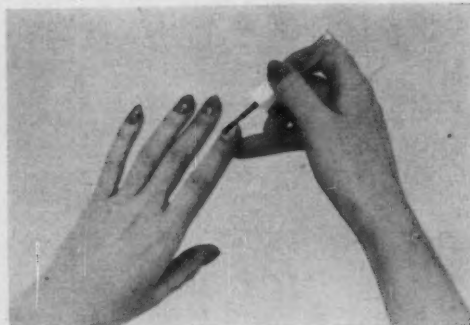
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds waves best! Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs less than other brands — a generous bottle is only 49¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?



WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Discover your secret **BEAUTY** Continued from page 30



Your hands

■ Barbara Ellis' first rule (see page 30) for lovely hands: protect them. Wear rubber gloves whenever they have to be in water; rubber or cotton gloves for other hard-on-hands tasks . . . plus regular applications of hand lotion. If they are in need of reconditioning—treat them to this overnight beauty treatment: soak them in warm, sudsy water for several minutes, rinse and dry thoroughly; take a scoop of rich night cream and massage it well over hands and wrists with a “pulling-on-gloves” action, around cuticles and nails. Don't remove the surplus cream but slip on a pair of loose cotton mitts or gloves and let the cream perform a softening, nourishing treatment while you sleep.

Set aside a regular time each week for a complete manicure. (1) Remove old polish with remover and pads of cotton. (2) Shape nails with an emery board, filing toward the centre *not* down the sides if you want to avoid splitting. (3) Soak nails for a few minutes in soapy water, rinse and dry thoroughly. (4) Apply cuticle oil and gently push cuticle back with an orange stick—preferably the rubber-hoofed kind—and clean under the nail. (5) Wipe over nails again with remover to clean nails of any natural oils or soap that would prevent polish adhering properly. (6) Apply two coats of polish over a base-coat or one coat with base-coat and over-coat; allow time to dry between each application and remove surplus polish from cuticle with a cotton-wound stick dipped in remover. (7) The final touch: a liberal application of hand cream. Professional tip: in black-and-white pictures, red photographs darker than it looks, so if you are having your picture taken don't wear dark nail polish (or lipstick!) — it may appear black.



Your hair

■ There never was a surer way to shining, well-groomed tresses than daily brushing—as Susan Clark (see page 31) well knows. Each night, Susan devotes at least two minutes to smooth, root-to-tip strokes with head hanging floorward, so that revitalizing blood rushes to the hair roots. If your hair is particularly oily, slide a nylon stocking over the brush—to trap surplus oil, dust and grime.

Models know how essential clean, springy hair is to their appearance, so they shampoo it frequently—every three or four days if their hair is oily, once a week if it is normal or dry. Two sudsings, with rinsing between, will ensure spanking-clean hair. But if your hair is particularly dry or fine, one lathering may be sufficient. Choose

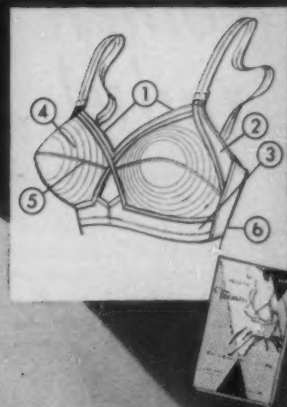
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CHATELAINE — APRIL 1958



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a shampoo created for your hair type (oily, normal, dry)—experiment with the small sizes of various brands, until you find one that exactly meets your needs.

The fastest way to change the old you to a new you is via a new hairdo. Don't cling to a style for years just because it suits you. Everyone can wear her hair more than one way—models are sometimes required to change their styles several times in a day. If you don't know what coiffure to choose, go to a good hair stylist. Cutting should always be done by a professional. If your hair is not naturally curly, have a permanent—one that is soft and gentle. It will put body in your hair so that it holds any set better. A good idea is to co-operate with a friend and give each other a home permanent. Be careful to get the right strength for your hair type and follow instructions to the letter.

Today, no article on hair would be complete without some mention of hair coloring. Simplest to use are the temporary colors that simply coat the outside of the hair shaft. They can be incorporated into your shampoo or rinse, and come out with the next sudsing. They will give your hair highlights but don't expect any radical change. To date the only type of coloring that provides complete coverage of grey hair, or a brand-new shade, is the permanent variety. And if you are considering that, take the advice of Ann Milling, the glamorous brunette-turned-redhead (page 31): go to an expert. And remember, you will have to keep going at least once a month to have the roots retouched. It is an expensive and time-consuming business although obviously, for many women, well worth it.

These days at least ten percent of the women who use hair coloring haven't a grey hair in their heads. Like Ann they simply want a change and far from keeping it a secret, as in bygone years, they want everyone to know—and notice! One reason for this new attitude: colors are more attractive and ingredients safer.



Your lips

■ Most models, like Joan Blackman (see page 32), use a brush to apply lipstick. It's easier to make a neat outline, to give a finished look to the make-up. Coat the brush with as much color as the bristles will hold, poise it firmly between thumb and forefinger, balance the little finger of the same hand on chin and, beginning at the centre of the top lip—draw with a firm sweep to the corner. Bottom lip: from one corner to the other. If you have an uneven top lip or narrow bottom lip, extend your lipstick carefully to improve the shape. If lips are too full, carry foundation and powder over your lips and draw the outline a fraction of an inch inside the natural lipline. Color in the rest of your mouth with the lipstick in the tube. Now, do the lip contours look completely natural? If not, try again. Rather an uneven mouth than an artificial one.

Your lipstick will last longer, avoid telltale marks on glasses, if you note the following tips: be sure lips are dry before applying color—powder over them first; leave your lipstick to set for a few minutes before blotting with a tissue; fold a tissue in half and bite onto it by “rolling” lips over it; apply a second coat of color, leave to set and blot again.

No one lipstick color can be expected to team with the greens, blues, browns and pinks in your wardrobe. So, you should have—not a different lipstick for each outfit, but certainly a different lipstick for each color range. The new convertible lipstick cases are an asset here: one case and a set of refills that can be clipped in, or out, in a second. This spring's sunny fashion colors—orange, persimmon,

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lemon, apricot—call for a lipstick with a yellowed-red cast; the cool hues—blue, lime, mauve, green—will need a blue-red shade. If you plan to add a red dress to your wardrobe—be a Sherlock Holmes about tracking down a lipstick that matches exactly.

Models frequently use a dark shade of lipstick for the outline—to accent the shape of their mouths—fill in with a lighter tone in the same color range. We don't suggest this as a general practice but you might try it before a party.



Your skin

■ First step in skin care is thorough cleansing—and no one knows this better than models like Betty Neden (see page 32), who must remove old make-up and apply fresh several times a day. With rotary fingertip movement, work cleansing cream into face and neck and allow to seep in for a few minutes: remove with tissues, moving in an upward, outward direction. Follow up with pads of cotton squeezed out in cold water or skin freshener. Two creamings are more thorough than one, so Betty repeats this first step. You might prefer the soothing action of a milky cleansing lotion instead of cream—especially if your skin is blemished or oily. If so, apply it on moistened pads of cotton—then follow the same routine. We believe in soap and water—after every cleansing for blemished and oily skins, just last thing at night for normal or dry complexions. Rinse in clear, warm water and finish with a tingling splash of cold water, before patting the skin dry.

The good point about an oily skin is, it keeps wrinkles at bay for a longer time. The bad points: it favors open pores, will harbor spots and blackheads given the opportunity. Best preventive for all three is a stimulating treatment once or twice a week to cleanse and tighten pores. A handful of cleansing grains massaged in tiny circles over a clean, moistened face for several minutes sloughs off dead surface skin and draws out reluctant blackheads, too.

Most Canadian women have dry skins—which may account for the popularity of a variety of night creams, lotions and balms on the market, all designed to help. Select one and use it *regularly*. It won't do much good if you use it tonight, next Wednesday, then next month. Apply it each night after cleansing. Leave it on while you take a bath—the steam will open the pores, allowing the nourishing oils to seep in. It isn't necessary or nice to go to bed oily-faced for your skin absorbs all the oil it needs the first ten minutes it is on. Just tissue off any surplus. If your skin is extra dry, there are moisturizing creams that can be used under your make-up, as well as at night.

A tinted foundation, whether liquid or cream, that is matched to your skin tone, will hide tiny imperfections and flaws; lend a pretty evenness of color and smooth look to your skin. Apply it lightly over a clean surface: six small dots—one on forehead, nose, each cheek, chin and just under the chin; blend upward and outward with fingertips and be sure you leave no line of demarcation at the throat.

Next, your rouge (unless you prefer the powder variety which goes on after your powder). Smile into a mirror and apply three small dots of cream or liquid rouge to the bunchy part of your face, smoothing up and out with fingertips, bringing the color close to the outer corner of the eye, fading the edges with a tissue.

Your powder should be a tone lighter than your natural skin tone and your foundation. Use a pad of absorbent cotton to apply a generous amount. With a slight "twist" against your skin, set it firmly into your foundation. With a clean piece of cotton, fluff off the sur-

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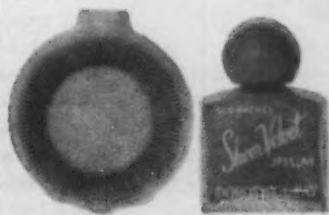
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plus. And here is Betty's tip to swimmers: water-set your make-up. After applying foundation and rouge, pat with a moist pad of cotton. Powder and pat again, and apply lipstick and waterproof mascara.

Two "most difficult" skin problems

A skin marred by blackheads and spots requires scrupulous soap-and-water cleansing — plus. One plus is a steam bath once a week: fill the washbowl with very hot water, add two tablespoonfuls of boric acid, then place a large towel over your head and the bowl — holding your face close to the steam for five to ten minutes. Blackheads can be eased out with fingers wrapped in cotton. Dab on witch hazel to tighten the freshly cleansed pores and act as an antiseptic. An application of camomile lotion last thing every night will soothe and dry pimples. And a change of diet may help to banish them, too. If you think they are caused by diet, drink the juice of a lemon in a glass of warm water (no sugar) before breakfast; get plenty of fresh fruit, green and leafy vegetables, lots of water and plenty of sleep. If blemishes are numerous and won't respond to normal treatment, see your doctor.

To disguise excessive hair on the face, use this bleach as often as needed: a few tablespoons of 20-volume peroxide mixed with a few drops of liquid ammonia (from a drugstore), applied with a pad of absorbent cotton. Test first on a small area of your arm and be careful not to get any near your eyes or lips. To remove hair you might try one of the special facial depilatories. Electrolysis is the only permanent method — and treatments may have to be repeated to kill the growth completely; if you are considering this method, be sure to consult your doctor for the name of a skilled operator.



Your eyes

■ Ann Milling (see page 31) points out that eye make-up begins with the brows, and often before you start there's a little tidying up—a little plucking—to do. So remove the stragglers from the underside and at the bridge of the nose. That's all—don't try to create an entirely new shape. Then, if your brows are pale or sparse, define them with a well-pointed brown pencil (some have built-in sharpeners). Make short, feathery strokes in the direction the hair grows.

Now, your lashes. For special evening parties you might try Ann's trick to define them, and at the same time make your eyes appear larger, darker. With your eyebrow pencil draw a thin line of color close to the roots of your upper lashes (use brown if your lashes are light, black if they are dark). End the line a little beyond the outer corners with a slight uptilt. Start in the centre beneath the lower lashes and extend to the outer corners.

Lining the eyes takes considerable practice. For most occasions mascara is all you need. If you use the cake variety, apply two coats on both upper and lower lashes. Then with a clean, dry brush go over them again, being careful to separate all the lashes and check any tendency to beading. Cream mascara is applied the same way—but requires no moistening of the brush. There is also a new liquid type that comes in a wandlike applicator that automatically dispenses the mascara as you sweep it over your lashes. Finally, eye shadow. What color should you use — blue, brown, green, grey, violet? You may choose your shadow to match your eyes or you can let the color of your costume determine the shade. One point to remember: deep-set eyes look best with light shadow. Smooth the color from the centre of lid to the outer corner, blending, fading it outward, upward. ♦

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My wife's not a housework slave

Continued from page 25

Planning labor-saving rooms needs plenty of thought—but it's well worth the trouble

which takes twenty minutes to vacuum, twice a week.

With results like these, neither of us regrets a minute of the hard work and planning it took to achieve our sixty-minutes-to-clean home. We began two years ago when we moved from my old two-room bachelor suite to a new three-room downtown Toronto apartment. Because of the research I do constantly for my daily broadcast for homemakers, Worth Knowing, I knew whom to see. We spent hours talking to furnishing and finishing experts, weeks tracking down the right materials and reliable artisans, months waiting for our furnishings to be finished and installed.

The parquet floor in the living-dining room was our first experiment. We had Josh Henkel, a professional floor finisher, apply Epon—a tricky-to-apply but punishment-taking liquid plastic finish used principally in industry. To my knowledge we were the first in Canada to try Epon on a floor. After two years, with no more than a weekly damp mopping, it rivals the appearance of any waxed floor we have seen. Epon went on our table tops, too.

For our living- and dining-room furniture we turned to Magnus Werner, head of the School of Furniture Design at Ryerson Institute. He designed each piece to harmonize with the others. All were lightweight, simple to clean and high enough to clean under. They were made for us by Toronto cabinetmaker Ed Henson.



A wall-supported telephone table like this makes vacuuming an easy task and at the same time is a great space saver.

Our lighting problem we took to Frank C. Reed, designer and illumination expert. He used hidden fluorescent fixtures for indirect light, and ceiling and wall fixtures for direct light. There was not one lamp to move or a single cord to tangle on the floor. Today, in a room almost twice the size of our former living room we have much more light and burn two hundred and fifty watts an hour less.

Phyllis and I are devoted to weekend lounging in bed. I wanted to design a unit to include all the features we yearned for on our lazy days. By combining the width of the double bed with the width of two bedside night tables, and a

dressing table, I had a unit twelve feet wide. By mounting fluorescents over this unit I had enough general light for the bedroom plus direct light for reading and for Phyllis' make-up table.

To this we added a few luxury features—a slanting, upholstered headboard for pillow propping; bedside table tops that swing out over the bed to provide table space beside you rather than behind you; a push-button light-switch arrangement which gives either of us control over all the lights from our own side of the bed; a bookshelf, a nook for the clock radio.

Recently a visitor asked if I would recommend that others copy our plans and ideas. My answer is that I am not sure anyone would want to. A home is a reflection of a family's own taste and attitudes, something that grows out of their way of life. But I think any homemaker could benefit by studying some of the ideas and perhaps profit by our experience.

We found that some of the answers lay in the use of new materials, some in functional design, and still others in planning. We might have chosen any number of floor coverings from plastic lacquered linoleum tile to wall-to-wall broadloom to escape waxing and polishing floors. There are at least half a dozen different materials for table tops that are liquid- and heat-proof and mar-resistant. In both natural and man-made fibres, there are upholstery fabrics that have spot-proof and soil-resistant qualities.

Although it is sometimes hard to find,



Dining table can be arranged for buffets (here), round-table dining, or alternatively it can be moved out onto the veranda.

there is quite a lot of ready-made, lightweight, reasonably priced functional furniture around. At least one manufacturer has produced a chesterfield that tilts to allow easy cleaning around and under it. Unless your taste dictates the ornate and rococo, there is literally something for everyone in present-day furnishings designed with an eye to upkeep.

By careful planning of furniture arrangements, and by keeping clutter to a minimum at floor level as well as on table tops, in cupboards and closets and open shelves, anyone can cut a healthy part out of a daily housekeeping schedule—without sacrificing comfort.

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"HIS FAMILY CAME BEFORE ME"

Continued from page 21

through Stan's younger sister, who worked in Jean's department. Stan Thomas was then close to thirty, three years older than Jean. He was a solid, considerate man, slow to anger. Jean was attracted to him because of his warmth and kindness; he admired her for her ability, her chic, her brisk air of authority.

"Didn't you ever guess," asked the counselor, "that she might be a demanding woman to marry?"

Stan Thomas considered. "There was once," he recalled. "I took her to a party and ran into an old army buddy of mine. We went into the kitchen and talked about Falaise for about an hour. She wouldn't even speak to me for the rest of the evening. She said I was rude to leave her so long. I might have seen the handwriting on the wall then."

Stan and Jean were married and moved into an apartment. Jean continued to work and they saved their money for a house. She began to show irritation when Stan continued to visit his former home frequently. Stan was no Mama's boy but his widowed mother was alone and, as her oldest son, he had been accustomed to helping her by repairing the house, shoveling snow and moving heavy furniture when she wanted to clean. He had lived with her until his marriage to Jean. At first Jean had gone along with Stan but her extreme possessiveness gradually chilled his mother's good feeling toward her. Soon open arguments broke out between the two women and Jean refused to go.

Jean didn't limit her criticism of Stan to his many trips to his mother's. She hated the regular evenings he bowled with some other men from his company and she was wretched when Stan took his sister out to lunch or spent a few hours in his brother's basement workshop.

The marriage counselor could appreciate Jean's difficulty. Her respect for herself was so meagre that she couldn't believe her husband could love her. She imagined him already restless and looking for other company. The only way she could feel safe from the menace of competition was to keep Stan at home with her. When Stan persisted in his old friendships and his trips to his mother's, she grew frantic.

Just as their arguments were reaching a pitch unendurable to both of them, Jean discovered she was pregnant. Stan was delighted and in her morning sickness Jean discovered a new weapon to hold him. She exaggerated her illness, moaned with every twinge and assumed a perpetual air of exhaustion. Stan was more bemused than sympathetic. "Quit putting it on," he told her roughly one day. "You fiend!" she screamed. "You're heartless!" Stan took to spending even more time with his mother.

Driven to desperation, Jean Thomas turned up one afternoon in a Family Court office. Searching her mind for some tangible complaint, she remembered an old promise Stan had made her. "He said he would buy me a house," she told Family Court authorities. "Our baby is almost due and he hasn't kept his word."

Stan, humiliated, withdrew his savings



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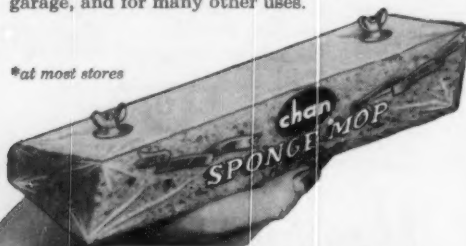
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and borrowed some money. They moved into their bungalow a few weeks later but it was a shabby victory for Jean. She and Stan were open enemies now. Their baby Jamie, when he arrived, suffered acutely from colic. His mother, haggard from sleepless nights, lost all control of herself when Stan would announce calmly at dinner that he was spending the evening with his brother. In the hours of his absence she would fume and when he returned he was met by a barrage of vindictiveness.

"Didn't you ever think that he might have been doing much worse things than bowling or cleaning out his mother's furnace?" the counselor once asked Jean. "He didn't drink, he didn't gamble, he wasn't running around with another girl. You might have had much more to complain about."

"He preferred his family to me," Jean muttered. "I just couldn't stand that."

Coming from a loveless family as she did, Jean found it hard to believe that Stan's behavior with his mother, his brother and sister was only normal. The counselor began with this point, patiently stating it, listening through Jean's torrents of outraged denials and then patiently stating it again.

The counselor brought Jean and Stan together in her office to discuss how much allowance Stan should pay for his wife and son. The scene that resulted horrified the counselor; the abuse the couple poured on one another had a savage quality. The counselor hurriedly separated them and launched what turned out to be a two-year project of being intermediary.

It was established first that Stan could call at the bungalow Sunday afternoons and take Jamie with him until after dinner. The counselor advised Jean to keep silent during the brief moments Stan was there. There was real cause for alarm, in the social worker's mind, about Jamie's development. The little boy witnessed most of his parents' quarrels and he had succeeded in growing a cold shell around himself for protection. He scarcely responded at all while his mother alternately screamed at him and covered him

with contrite kisses. During his visits with his father, he kept up a running stream of demands and staged splendid tantrums when they were denied.

The counselor had discovered that Stan adored his son and would consider a reunion, for the child's sake, if Jean's behavior improved. Jean was anxious to have Stan return because failure of any kind was intolerable to her. If her marriage was destroyed, it would confirm in her mind that she was contemptible. So much self-loathing would be intolerable.

The first crisis came when Jamie needed a new snowsuit. Jean's allowance didn't cover such a large purchase. "Do you think you could mention this to Stan when he comes next Sunday without getting into a fresh argument?" the counselor asked. Jean started to protest and then sheepishly admitted she couldn't be certain. The counselor broached the subject to Stan, collected the money from him and gave it to Jean. Almost a year passed this way. The hostility of the couple eased as Stan's regular Sunday calls continued to be uneventful.

"I wish he would ask me to go with him and Jamie," Jean confessed one day to the counselor. "I watch them go down the sidewalk together and I can't stop crying."

"Why should he want you?" asked the counselor idly. "You'd probably quarrel the whole time."

"I suppose so," agreed Jean dolefully.

After a time, it became possible for Jean to mention household matters to Stan. The counselor actually scripted everything Jean said in the beginning and Jean repeated her lines dutifully, but with a secret sneering at her own "weakness." If this was weakness, she soon discovered, it was a happier attitude than strength. She and Stan began to have conversations, desperately tense and stiff, but the hating had gone out of them.

"Could you think about asking Jean to go with you and Jamie some Sunday afternoon?" the counselor asked Stan one day. Stan looked doubtful. "If he asks you to come with him," the counselor ad-

Continued on page 47

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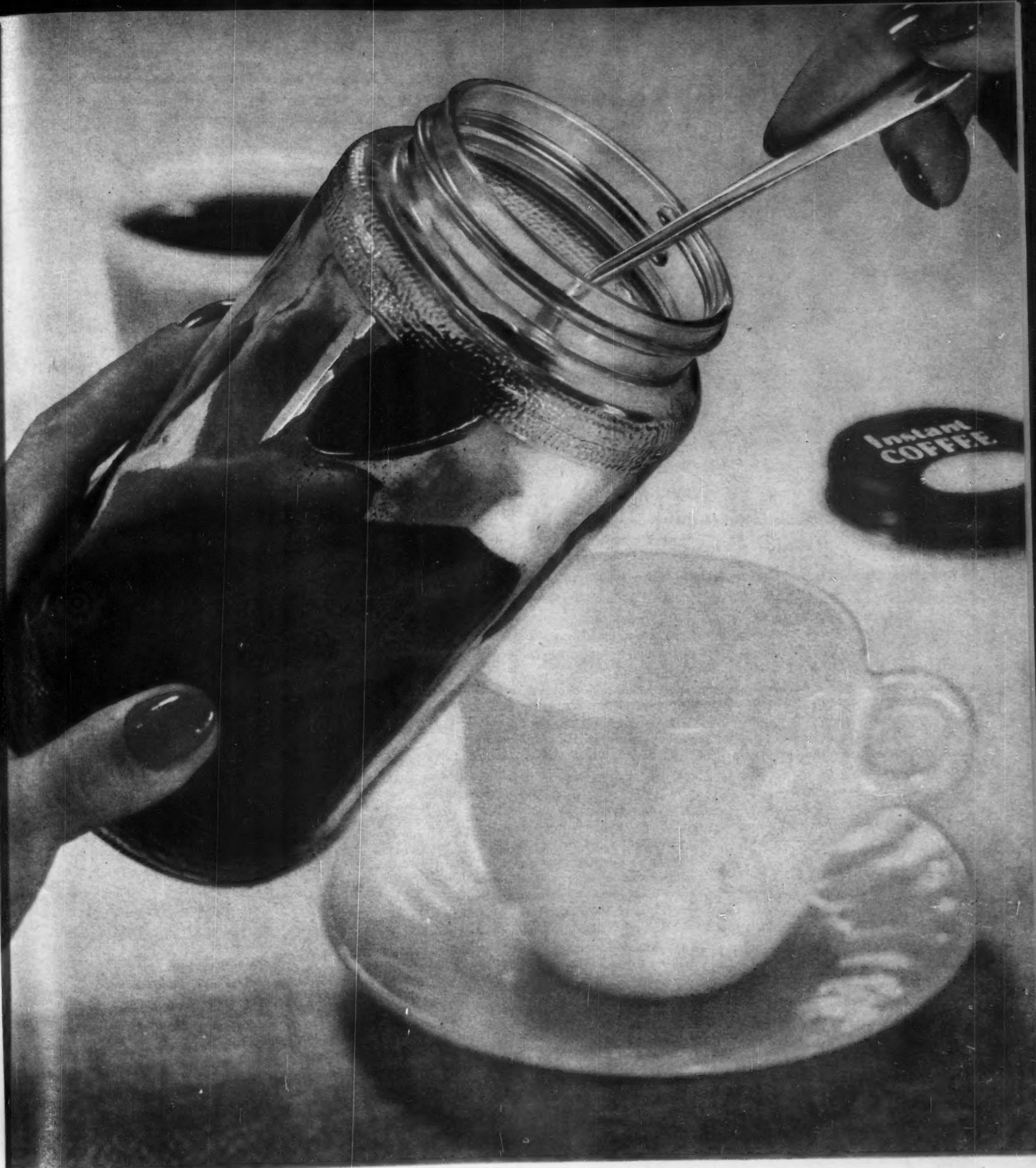
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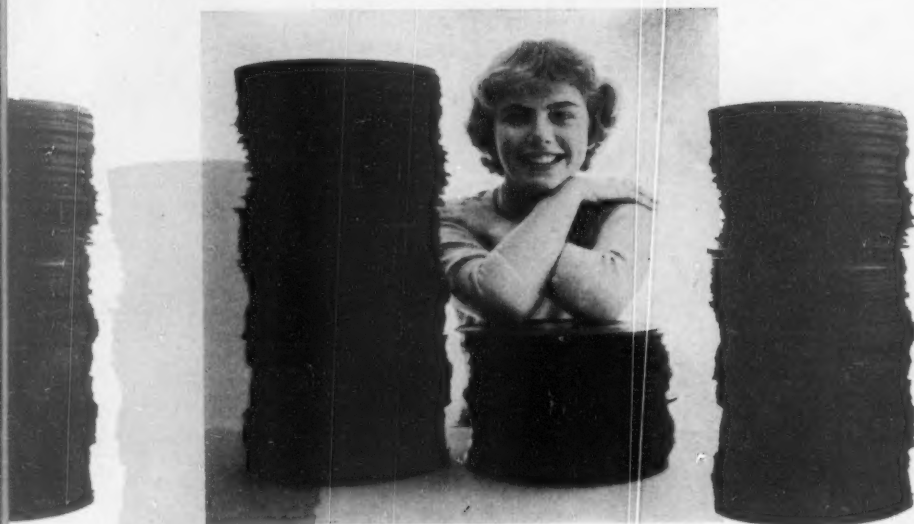


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BY SUSAN COOPER

There's a time when silence is far from golden!

Your mind is like a caged squirrel—you can't think of a thing to say! And here you are with the man you've been dying to meet. This isn't a relaxed comfortable silence—it's desperate—why doesn't *he* say something? Everybody knows the ghastly silence that can drop like a lead balloon . . . when the conversational gambits have run out — the weather, sports, shows, school events — without finding a common ground.

What next? Gossip? Men hate gossiping with women. Exams? Too risky. One solution is to keep a reserve of shock-treatment conversation pieces, which you can throw out gaily, hoping he has either the imagination or sense of the ridiculous to pick up.

Start with some crazy notion. For instance, if you could have a party and invite anyone through the ages, which ten people would you have? Which animal would you like to be? If you could be anyone in fiction, who would you be? Which modern invention would you rather be without?



If you can get this rolling, it's fun—also it gives you a clue to his likes and dislikes. Never *pretend* an avid interest in something—he'll find you out and think you're a phony! Mention something you're dying to try—like water skiing or snorkel swimming—(that you know he likes!) and ask for pointers. People love to give advice!

Don't strain too hard—you must have some interest or friends in common or you wouldn't be out together.

When parents are out and a boy asks you back . . .

"I have been having a quarrel with the girls about going to boys' houses. Please tell me if I am right. Often on Sunday afternoons a group of us go for a walk and frequently we run into the boys. Once, one boy asked us all back to his house for soft drinks and to listen to records. I thought it was all right, especially in the middle of the afternoon and there were about eight of us.

"One girl asked if his parents were home or if they knew he was going to have us back. He said they liked him to have his friends in and they were just out for a little while. He's a nice boy and I thought it was all right but two girls didn't and went home. Was I right or not?"

Boys' parents like to know their sons' friends just as yours do. It's a good rule to follow to be sure parents are home when you—or the boys—entertain. In this case, it might have made everyone more comfortable if you had suggested he call his parents just to check with them and let them know he was taking friends home. Otherwise, someone might have stepped into the breach and suggested going to another house where parents were in.

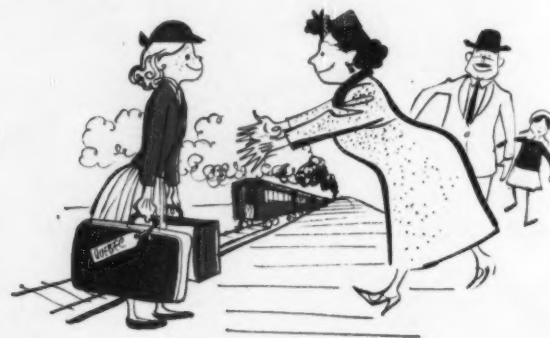
Learn French with a Quebec family . . .

How would you like to do a little traveling, live a new life in a new environment, and send your language marks screaming up the scale at the same time?

Last year, 748 teen-agers across the country did it—making exchange visits through Visites Interprovinciales. They spent Easter, summer or Christmas holidays either living with a Quebec family to learn French, or with an English-speaking family to learn English.

The people in charge of the plan say the ideal arrangement is for a family in some other province with a son to exchange with a family in Quebec with a son—or families can swap daughters. The biggest number of visits is made by students who go to another family for a holiday.

Visites Interprovinciales makes all the arrangements, putting students and families in touch with each other. If you're interested write to Visites Interprovinciales, 113 St. George Street, Toronto.



Braid that pony tail

Good thing inkwells aren't any more! Pony tails have a new look in Kitimat, B.C. The girls gather their hair into a pony tail and then braid the tail and tie it with a big bow.

Jacqueline Gibson, Kitimat, B.C.

Parakeets on pockets, gophers on knees . . . in Montreal the girls are giving their jeans a new look by sewing onto them silly, bright, felt animals.

Marilyn Kear, Montreal.



Pins are on everything these days. In Chippewa, a favorite place for school pins is on knee socks—which are—by favorite choice—black. And in P.E.I. the girls are pinning pins to the rolled cuffs of their jeans!

Valerie Vance,
Chippewa, Ont.

Mary Martin,
Wood Island, P.E.I.

Chatelaine will pay \$5 on publication for fads or fashions in your town, new games and dances, personality sketches of teen-agers you know who make news. Send to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



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ZERO
COLD WATER SOAP

57-56

Continued from page 44

vised Jean, "make sure you say nothing to offend him. Do you think you can manage it?" Jean looked equally doubtful.

When the three Thomases eventually spent an afternoon together, the atmosphere was far from jolly but nothing harsh was said. Jamie, now three years old, began to be a more docile child. He relaxed with his parents and his temper flared less frequently.

The counselor often talked with Stan about the closeness of his ties with his mother. "You keep saying that you don't put your family ahead of Jean," she commented one day, "but look at the evidence. You spent a lot of time with them."

"My mother makes me feel comfortable," Stan observed. "Jean tries to make me feel I'm an awful fool. Why wouldn't I prefer to be with my mother?"

"Where do you owe your first loyalty, to Jean and Jamie or to your mother?" replied the counselor.

One afternoon Jean Thomas came in to the counselor's office with a flushed face. "Would it be wrong if I let Stan stay the night?" she asked, in great embarrassment. "He asked if he could and I said I didn't know."

The area of sexual relations was a difficult one for the Thomases.

Jean had been raised to believe that physical relations with a man were unpleasant and sordid. She had been horrified to find herself enjoying the experience and she fought to keep this knowledge from Stan. For his part, Stan was too self-conscious to bear any discussion. The counselor had worked very gently to bring to both some awareness of their mutual need. She pretended not to notice Jean's averted face as she said quietly, "Why not, Jean Thomas? You and Stan are man and wife."

Some weeks later, nearly two years after the first separation, the couple began to discuss a reunion. They followed the advice of the counselor, who suggested they establish in advance what boundaries they would accept. They negotiated carefully how often Stan would visit his mother and what amount of time was reasonable for him to stay. The schedule finally settled on was more than Jean wanted and less than Stan had desired. It was an important victory that it had been accepted without any malicious comment from Jean. In fact the counselor had rarely seen a woman with as unsympathetic a personality as Jean's make such a satisfactory adjustment.

The conferences with the marriage counselor continued after the reunion. Jean and Stan were unsure of themselves for many months but their success in compromising was reflected in Jamie, who sang to his toys. Watching the delighted little boy flourish, Jean and Stan wondered about having another baby.

"Do you think you can continue to make this marriage work?" said the counselor, when they mentioned the matter to her.

Both were sure. "I'm happy now," Stan remarked softly. "I never expected to be so happy." Jean said seriously, "It's still an effort not to complain when he visits his family, but I hold my peace. I know I can continue to be still. It's worth it."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Names and places in this story have been altered to protect the identity of the family.)

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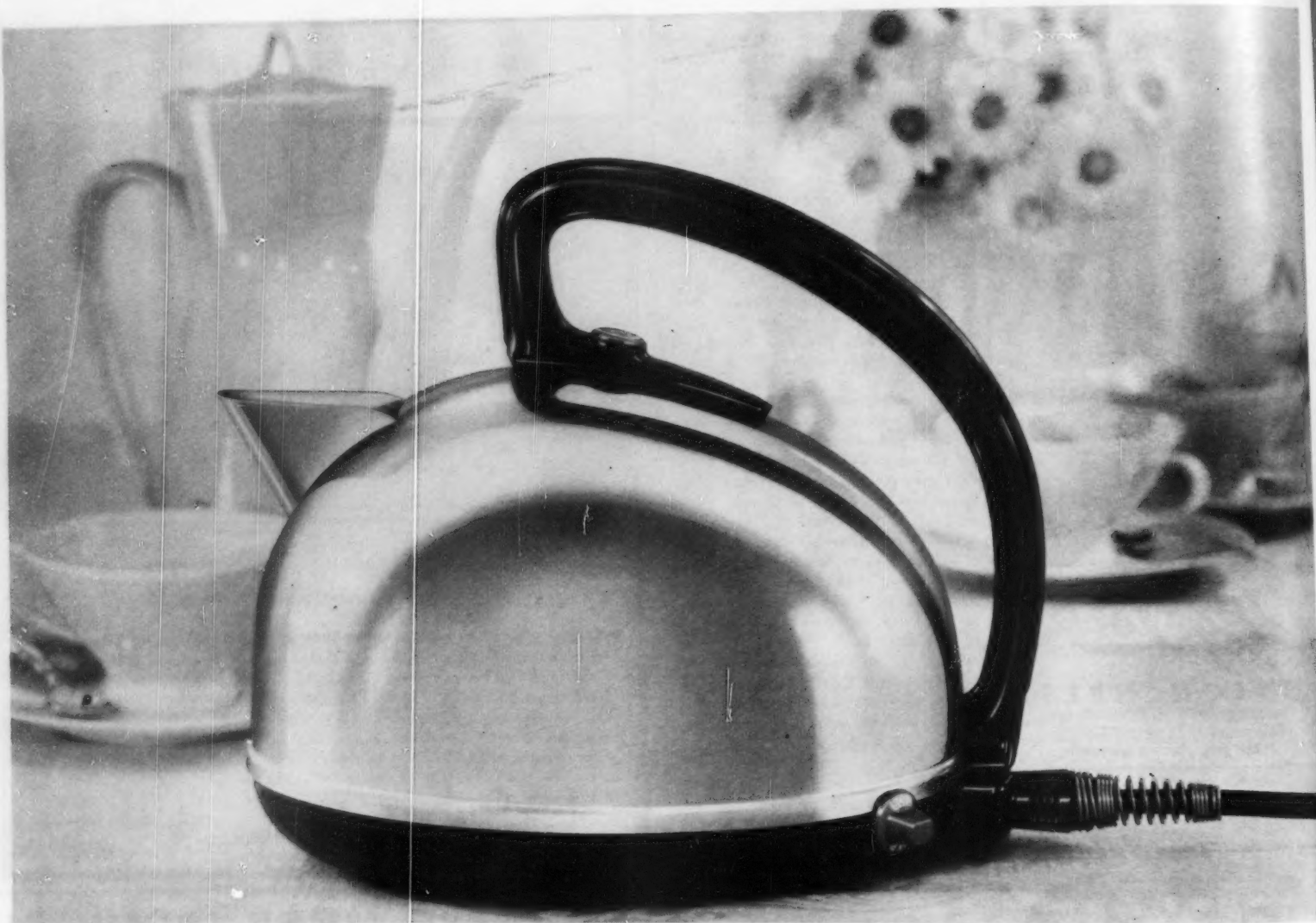
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The shirtdress—be sure it's a print

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all around. The three-quarter sleeves are full, and flattering. Make it (as here) in a bright summery print—silk, cotton, rayon, or a blend to wear all season long. Slenderette, sizes 12 to 42, 50 cents.

Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.





The "Blythwood" Bathroom by American-Standard
—here shown in Regency Blue



The Blythwood Bathroom by American-Standard in stunning colours!

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AMERICAN-Standard

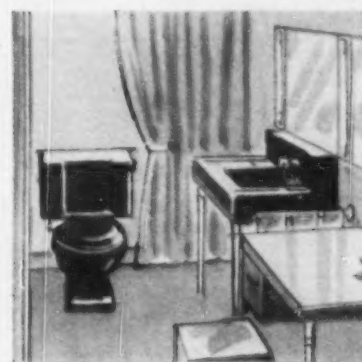
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*Available in Basins and Toilets only.



The "Coronet" Powder Room by American-Standard . . . here shown in T'ang Red.

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These magnificent Bathrooms are just a few of the many products American-Standard makes for your home and for industry. Others equally famous for quality and dependability include Gurney Warm Air and Areoleader Hot Water Furnaces, American-Standard Kitchen Units and Canadian Sirocco Air-Conditioning Equipment.



Chatelaine

MEALS

of the month

Try this protein-high crab salad as a refreshing main-course entrée or serve with soup for a quick, tasty lunch. We made double the quantity for our picture

APRIL: CRISP CRAB AND CELERY SALAD

1 (7-ounce) can crab meat, drained
 1/2 cup chopped green celery
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 1 hard-cooked egg, quartered
 1 tablespoon onion, finely chopped
 5 drops Tabasco sauce
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 Freshly ground pepper
 1/4 cup mayonnaise
 1 tablespoon chili sauce
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 Lettuce cups

Flake crab meat and mix with the celery, green pepper, egg and onion. Combine the Tabasco sauce, salt, pepper, mayonnaise, chili sauce and lemon juice. Pour over the crab-meat mixture and toss lightly. Heap into lettuce cups and garnish with pimiento, olives and lemon wedges. Makes 4 good-sized servings.

MINUTE TIPS for flavor and fun . . .

Sprinkle grapefruit halves first with grenadine, then maple sugar. Broil till bubbly. Serve cheese dip with some thin apple wedges dipped in lemon juice to prevent darkening. Fold diced jellied cranberry sauce into meringue for a coconut or banana cream pie. Add grated carrot or chopped cucumber instead of celery to a tuna-fish sandwich filling. A little grated lemon rind puts tang in baked fish loaves or in bread stuffing for fish. Before browning meat for a stew, sprinkle with a teaspoon of sugar for rich dark gravy.

DINNERS of the month . . .

					TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	1	2
3 Barbecued Pot Roast Steamed Turnip Buttered Potatoes Rye Bread Peach Cobbler	4 Chilled Fruit Cup Shrimp Noodle Casserole Tossed Salad Greens Buttered Tea Biscuits Deep-dish Apple Pie	5 Shepherd's Pie Glazed Carrots French Green Beans Frosted Spice Cake Pecan Ice Cream	6 Baked Ham Spiced Cherry Sauce Corn Baked Potatoes Head Lettuce Salad Strawberry Shortcake	7 Broiled Ham Slices Potato Corn Scallops Steamed Spinach Maple Rice Pudding Coffee Tea	8 Lamb Stew with Parsnips Carrots Potatoes Peas Mint Dumplings Preserved Cherries Cake	9 Braised Liver and Onions Fried Rice Peas Crisp Carrot Sticks Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee
10 Baked Heart of Herb Bread Stuffing Potatoes Turnips Green Tomato Pickles Apple Betty	11 Macaroni and Cheese Escaloped Tomatoes Tossed Green Salad Fresh Fruit Cup Chocolate Cupcakes	12 Broiled Sirloin Steak Fried Mushrooms Broccoli Potato Puffs Coffee Bavarian Cream Tea	13 Steamed Salmon Caper Sauce Riced Potatoes Beans Fried Jelly Roll	14 Stuffed Pork Loaf Onion Gravy Carrots and Peas Green Rice Salad Sour Cream Raisin Pie	15 Cabbage Rolls in Tomato Sauce Wieners Celery Sticks Baked Apricot Whip Custard Sauce	16 Fried Chicken Currant Jelly Squash Hot Potato Salad Poppy-seed Cake with Lemon Frosting
17 Braised Short Ribs of Beef with Celery Onion Carrots Buttered Noodles Assorted Tarts	18 Shrimp Soup Cheese Soufflé Asparagus Tips Cabbage Salad Rhubarb Crisp	19 Beef and Kidney Pie Potatoes Lima Beans Cucumber Salad Bananas and Oranges	20 Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Sweet Potato Spinach Chef's Salad Hot Crescent Rolls Rhubarb Cheese Pie	21 Cold Sliced Lamb Buttered Turnip French Fried Potatoes Molded Vegetable Salad Spiced Apple Dumplings	22 Pork Chops Rice-stuffed Peppers Escaloped Tomatoes Protein Bread Pineapple Cheesecake	23 Swedish Meat Balls in Consommé Carrots Sweet Pickles Cherry Sundae Cookies
24 Jellied Veal Loaf Harvard Beets Baked Stuffed Potatoes Waldorf Salad Cottage-Pudding Sauce	25 Deep-fried Scallops Asparagus Tips Hollandaise Sauce Boiled New Potatoes Fresh Fruit Nut Bread	26 Chicken Fricassee Green Beans Pizza Pie Diced Grape Jelly Whipped Cream	27 Rolled Rib Roast of Beef Creamed Onion Potatoes Colelaw Cornbread Sliced Pineapple Chelsea Buns	28 Beef Curry on Noodles Lima Beans Cauliflower Garlic French Bread Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	29 Broiled Liver and Bacon Peas Creamed Potatoes Tomato Aspic Crepe Suzettes Orange Sauce	30 Pork Hocks Sauerkraut Carrots Mashed Potatoes Hot Biscuits Crisp Celery Sticks Chocolate Pudding

BREAKFASTS and LUNCHES for any day you need them . . .

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
BREAKFAST	Tomato Juice Lemon Poached Egg Broiled Bacon Toasted Brown Bread Coffee Hot Chocolate	Stewed Prunes with Orange Rind Hot Corn Meal Brown Sugar Topping Bran Muffins Honey	Orange Sections Apple Nutmeg Waffles Maple Syrup Tea Coffee	Broiled Grapefruit Soft-cooked Egg Cinnamon Toast with Marmalade Milk Coffee	Baked Apple Bran Flakes Grilled Sausages Jelly Tea Toast Coffee	Fruit Cup Bacon Pineapple Kabobs Parsleyed Omelet Hot Cross Buns Coffee Milk	Orange Juice Oatmeal Molasses and Raisin Topping Scones Jam
LUNCH	Hot Spiced Beef Broth Grilled Open-face Swiss Cheese Sandwiches Crisp Relishes Plums Angel Cake	Baked Beans Cold Spareribs Cabbage Salad Orange Jelly Milk Tea	Scotch Broth Salami Sandwiches Dill Pickles Prune Whip Tea Sauce Coffee	Waldorf Salad Fruit Jelly Mold Creamed Cottage Cheese Melba Toast Chocolate Custard	Scotch Broth Tomato Sandwiches Sliced Cucumbers with Sour Cream Dressing Pears Hot Cross Buns	Creamed Chicken Livers Toast Baskets Lettuce Wedges Russian Dressing Butter Tarts	Clam Chowder Hamburgers on Toasted Buns Butter Tarts Banana Milk Shake

RECIPES and SNACKS for the creative cook . . .

Cream a 4-ounce package of cream cheese (any flavor) with 1/2 cup of French dressing or mayonnaise. Toss with shredded salad greens. This dressing can be added 2 hours ahead of serving time without having a collection of moisture under the greens.

Add 1 egg yolk and a little grated orange rind to 1 cup cooked mashed sweet potato. Form into croquettes. Dip each in flour then in slightly beaten egg white. Roll in chopped almonds and bake on greased sheet at 325 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until browned.

Mix drained frozen cooked or canned Lima beans with 1 can tomato sauce, 1/4 cup chopped onion and 1/4 teaspoon rosemary. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs mixed with 1/2 cup grated cheese. Bake until bubbly. Serve with liver or veal.

Try a quick Spanish sauce for an omelet. Sauté 1 cup onion, 1/2 cup green pepper and 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup.

Fold 3 tablespoons French dressing or mayonnaise and 2 tablespoons parsley into basic medium-thick cream sauce to serve with vegetables.



What sets some mothers' love apart ?



2 FLAVOURS: Plain Unsweetened and Chocolate Flavoured

The sheer joy of living and enjoying every moment with their children is what makes some mothers stand out. These same mothers also take one step further beyond the usual care of their youngsters. And that is seeing to it they get the extra advantages of added nutritional values . . . so necessary for a child's development. One of these success foods is *Ovaltine*,

which contains many of the more important vitamins and minerals. Taken in one of the simplest forms of all—mixed with milk—*Ovaltine* can make a great difference to your children during their "growing-up" years. Start today to give yourself and your children the extra benefits of *Ovaltine*—and see if you all don't feel more like enjoying life.



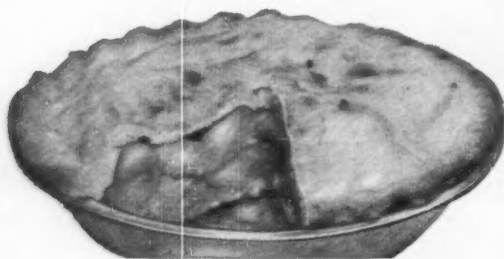
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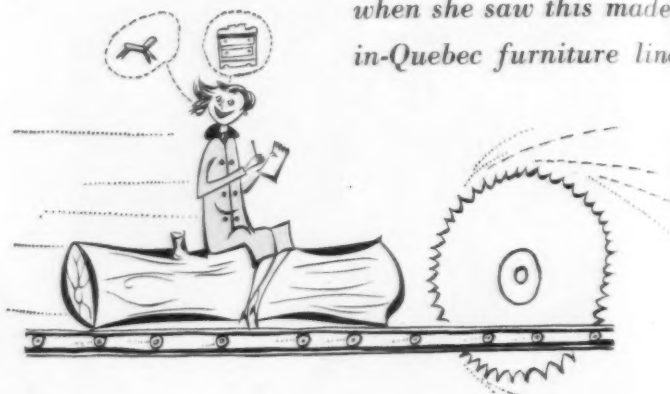
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55 Wellington St. W. Toronto, for the name of your nearest dealer

How to shop with Chatelaine

"Mais oui," said our Seal of Approval manager when she saw this made-in-Quebec furniture line



PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?" Neither does Jean Byers, Chatelaine's Seal of Approval manager, but language was no barrier when she toured a furniture factory located in Quebec Province. While her English-speaking guide did help, Jean could see for herself the quality being built into furniture which had been submitted for the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval.

This manufacturer uses nothing but solid rock maple or elm, maintaining his own wood lots from which the logs are taken to the sawmills, cut to size, and then kiln-dried at the plant. From the rough log to the final furniture, the assembly line uses the most modern machinery combined with the hand-finishing skill of employees.

Quality features include dustproof divisions between drawers; centre-guided dovetailed drawers; hand wearing to smooth and "age" edges and pegging for traditional detail in the early American and colonial maple styles; and sturdy construction combined with light Scandinavian design in elm. Quality-control points throughout the factory reject any piece which does not measure up to standard.

In finishing, transparent stains are used to show the grain of the wood. The final finish is one that had already been granted the Chatelaine Seal—after proving in home and laboratory tests that it can withstand almost all household hazards such as boiling water, alcohol, sour milk and spilled nail polish. Our laboratory experts inspected the furniture and agreed with us that the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval standards are met by VILAS BRANDED FURNITURE WITH VILA-SEAL FINISH.



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| Bacon Polythene | Instant Vi-Tone | Set #540 |
| Housewares | Kirsch of Canada, | Softie Diaper Rinse |
| B. F. Goodrich Sponges | Venetian and Vertical | Spam |
| Carpet Cushion | Blinds | Success Paste Floor Wax |
| Blue Ribbon Spices, | Kool-Aid | Success Self-Polishing |
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| #1333BT, #1306AT and | Modernfold Doors— | Pillow Slips |
| #1337DL Deluxe | Spacemaster and | Toastmaster IB14 Auto- |
| Chan Sponge Mop #10 | Custom-Line | matic 2-slice Toaster |
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| powder, rinse, tablets | O' Cedar Instant Cream | matic 2-slice Toaster |
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| Dominion Marbleum | Peertwist | Viceroy Rubber Fruit- |
| Dominion Vinyl Tile | Prestige Furniture Wax | Jar Rings |
| Duralay—Rug Underlay | Princess China | Vilas Branded Furniture |
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| DCW | Bulk Molasses | Vi-Tone Hasty Fudge |
| Elma Supermatic Sewing | Red Rose Teas, Coffees, | and Icing Mix |
| Machine | and Instant Coffee | Wabasso Hostess Percal, |
| Formfit Foundation | Revere Ware | Anniversary, Family |
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| Gerber Baby Foods | China and Earthenware | Pillow Slips |
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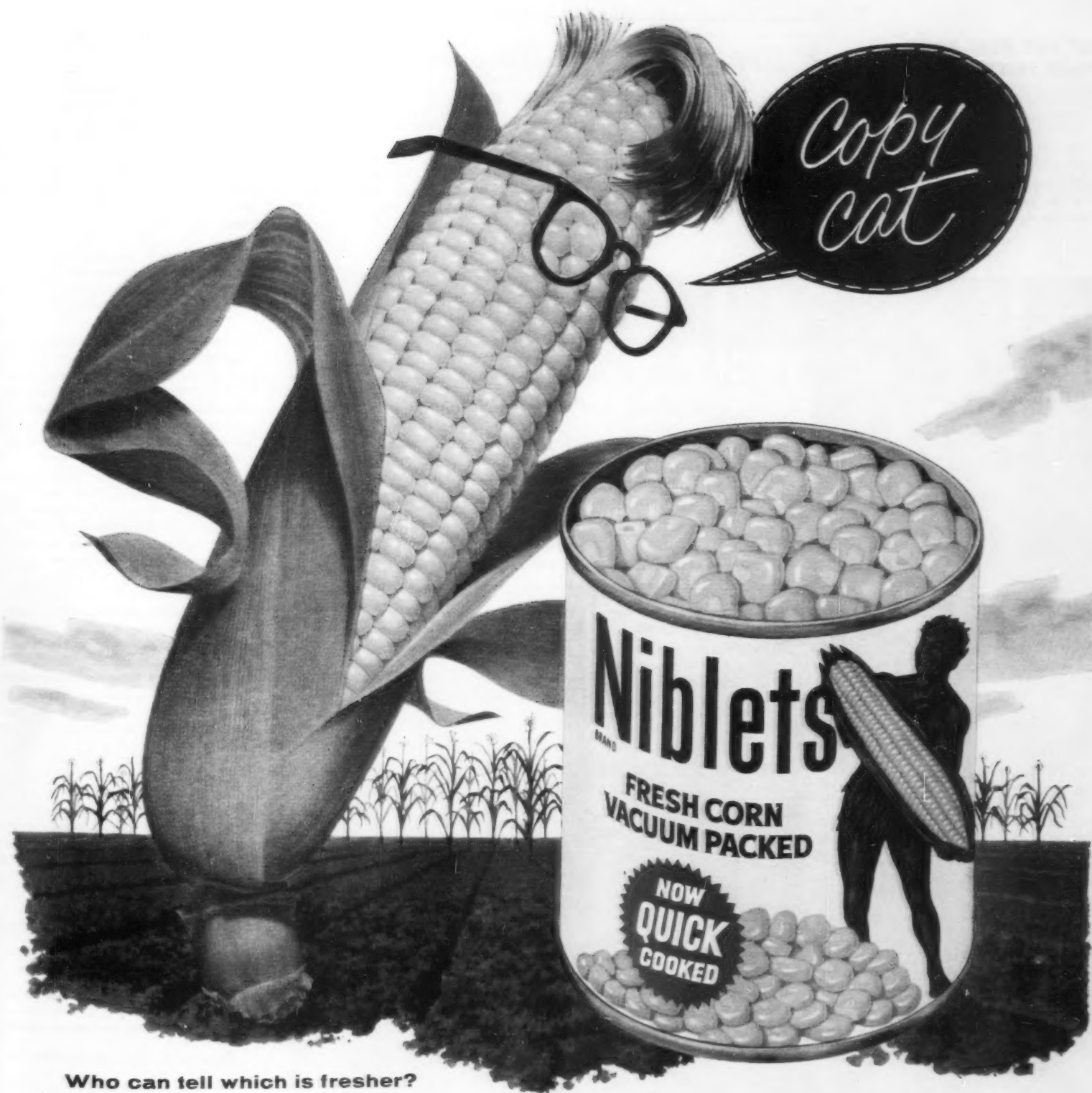
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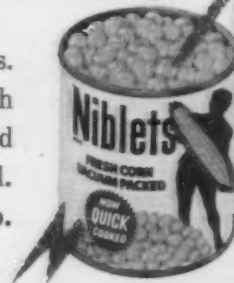


Who can tell which is fresher?

Niblets Corn now quick-cooked

We don't have to tell you what the cookbooks and nutrition experts say about vegetables. *Cook quick!* Quick-cooked vegetables stay crisp, keep their fresh color and flavor, nourish better, too. And now the Green Giant has found a way to do it with corn. Niblets Brand corn. The corn goes into a giant pressure cooker under split-second automatic control. Zoom! It's done. Here's all the flavor and fun of a fresh roastin' ear—without the cob. New quick-cooked Niblets. Just heat and make merry!

NIBLETS BRAND CORN—the quick-cooked corn



Green Giant of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of the following brands: Green Giant Peas; Niblets Mexicorn; Green Giant Wax Beans and Green Giant Green Beans.

GET THE BEST FROM YOUR FROZEN FOODS

Continued from page 27

1. There is no need to wait for frozen hamburger to thaw, to brown it for spaghetti sauce, shepherd's pie or hash. Heat oil or fat in a frying pan and add the frozen meat. Cook until underside is

browned. Turn over and scrape off the cooked layer. Keep turning and scraping until all meat is nicely browned—about 10 minutes.

2. Meats and vegetables that have been frozen *then cooked* can be refrozen. For example, a frozen cut can be roasted, then the leftover meat made into a casserole and frozen.

3. Don't defrost frozen sweetened fruits for pies, cobblers and upside-down cakes.

Simply break up the solid block of fruit with a fork and space evenly over the pie shell or greased baking dish. For pies, sprinkle fruit with flour or quick-cooking tapioca, just as you would for a fresh fruit pie. Also, cranberries and blueberries can be added to muffin and other batters without defrosting.

4. To stretch the average pack of frozen fruit to fill a large 9- or 10-inch pie, add 2 or 3 sliced tart apples and ¼ cup sugar. Good with rhubarb.

5. In an emergency, set frozen fruit in a small bowl over boiling water and stir and break up with a fork until defrosted, but still very cold.

6. To divide frozen vegetables if you're only using half a package, press the heated end of an ice pick into the centre of the block in several places and break apart. Rewrap half and return to freezer. For loose frozen vegetables, such as corn and peas, shake out what you need and wrap the remainder, then return to the freezer.

7. Did you know you can freeze jellied salads of cooked fruits or vegetables? Individual salads will defrost at room temperature in thirty minutes.

8. For best flavor and food value defrost corn on the cob at room temperature for four to six hours before cooking. Then brush the cobs with melted, salted butter and wrap in foil. Bake at 450 degrees F. for ten minutes. Open the foil, brush again with butter and bake five minutes.

9. For interesting flavor, serve frozen, cooked green beans or peas with mint-butter sauce. Heat two tablespoons butter and two tablespoons mint jelly or bottled mint sauce. Pour over the cooked beans or peas and mix lightly together. Serve very hot.

10. It's often a problem when broiling frozen hamburgers or minute steaks, to brown them without overcooking. For a good color and a moist centre, brush meat with gravy browning, meat extract or barbecue sauce, then with melted butter or bacon drippings. Broil just two to three minutes on each side.



"I don't know how I ever got along without my new kitchen telephone"

"The other phone? Oh, we had it moved to the bedroom. It's wonderful when I'm tidying up after the children have left for school."

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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA



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TO MY HUSBAND, IN HIS ABSENCE

By R. H. Grenville

A woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.

—Hindu proverb

The sun to which you lately bid adieu,
Rises above the cool curve of the waves,
Bringing a warm and golden kiss from you,
But not the nearness that my being craves.
Easily indolent, a sea gull flies
Above the glittering scallop of the bay.
Nothing is really changed. The strangeness lies
In being sole possessor of the day.

Our love was always sharing: tears or talk,
Music and laughter, and the plain good bread;
Things dreamed and done together; roads to walk
With joy's live warmth between us, though unsaid.
Alone, how shall the heart escape distress,
Or its one wing life clear of loneliness?

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Continued from page 57

SAVORY VEAL ROLLS

1 package (4)	1/4 cup milk
frozen veal cutlets	1 chopped onion
2 tablespoons	1 can tomato
salad oil	sauce or soup
1/2 pound sausage	1/2 cup water
meat	1/4 cup ketchup
1/2 cup bread	1/2 bay leaf
crumbs	Dash allspice
1/2 teaspoon	
savory	

Separate the cutlets. Pour the oil into a frying pan and add the frozen meat. Heat slowly turning meat now and then until it is defrosted, but not cooked. Remove from the pan. Mix sausage meat, crumbs, savory and milk together. Spread each cutlet with some of this mixture. Roll up and tie with string. Dredge with flour and brown rolls lightly on all sides. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer for about 35 minutes. Serve with hot fluffy rice and succotash. Serves 4.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH CORN-MEAL MUFFINS

1 package	1/2 green pepper,
(12-ounces)	sliced
frozen chicken	Pinch sweet basil
livers	Dash garlic
3 tablespoons	powder
flour	1 can consommé
4 slices fat, side	1/2 cup water
bacon	1/2 cup sour
1/2 cup chopped	cream
onion	

Partially defrost the chicken livers until they can be separated. Cut each in half and dredge with flour. Fry bacon slowly until crisp and cut in 1/2-inch pieces. Add the onion, green pepper and chicken livers. Stir and cook gently for 5 minutes. Add the sweet basil, garlic, consommé and water. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Stir in the sour cream and reheat, but do not boil. To serve, spoon over split toasted corn-meal muffins. Accompany with salad. Serves 5 or 6.

BROCCOLI HOLLANDAISE CASSEROLE

1 package frozen	1/2 cup mayonnaise
broccoli	1/2 cup buttered
1 cup hot milk	bread crumbs
1/4 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup grated,
2 tablespoons	nippy cheese
flour	
2 tablespoons soft	
butter	

Cook broccoli according to package directions. Drain and spread in a greased utility dish about 6 x 9 inches. Cream the butter and flour together. Stir in the hot milk and salt. Cook until thick and add the mayonnaise. Pour over the broccoli. Sprinkle with the buttered bread crumbs and cheese. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 15 minutes, then broil for 3 or 4 minutes until top is brown and bubbly. Serves 4.

QUICK SHRIMP A LA KING

1/4 pound fresh	1 (7-ounce)
mushrooms, sliced	package frozen
OR	ready-to-cook
1 (10-ounce) can,	shrimp
drained	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons	Dash of cayenne
butter	1/4 teaspoon grated
2 tablespoons	lemon rind
flour	3 sliced hard-
1 1/4 cups milk	cooked eggs
1 can mushroom	
soup, undiluted	

Sauté mushrooms in the butter. Stir in the flour. Add milk and cook until thick-

ened. Stir in all but the eggs. Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add eggs. Serve on toast points or over buttered noodles. Serves 4.

FRIED RICE RING WITH SHRIMP

(Time: about 20 minutes)

1 can frozen	1/2 cup chopped
shrimp soup,	green pepper
undiluted	1 1/3 cups quick-
1 (7-ounce)	cooking rice
package frozen	1/4 teaspoon salt
ready-to-cook	1 1/3 cups chicken
shrimp	bouillon
1/4 cup butter or	2 teaspoons
margarine	cornstarch
1/4 cup chopped	1/2 cup cold
onion	milk

Pour boiling water over the shrimps to separate them. Drain well. Brown the shrimps lightly in the butter. Lift out and cut in 1/2-inch pieces. Add onion and green pepper to the frying pan and cook until transparent. Add the rice and stir and cook until it is lightly colored. Add the salt, bouillon and shrimp. Bring to a boil and pour into a greased ring mold. Cover and set in a pan of boiling water for 10 minutes. Heat the soup in the top of a double boiler until defrosted. Add the cornstarch mixed with the water. Cook until thick and smooth. Unmold the rice ring on a hot platter. Fill the centre with cooked frozen peas. Serve with the hot shrimp sauce. Serves 6.

FISH BAKED IN PASTRY

Enough pastry for a 2-crust pie

1 1-pound package	1 tablespoon
frozen cod	French dressing
2 cups bread-	1 tablespoon
crumb poultry	lemon juice
stuffing	

Roll pastry out into a 9- or 10-inch square and set it on a greased cookie sheet. Spread stuffing in the centre of the dough to cover 7 x 3 inches. Set the frozen fish on the stuffing. Brush the fish with French dressing, then sprinkle with lemon juice. Dampen the edges of the pastry and bring them up over the fish to completely enclose. Prick the top and bake at 450 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Lower heat to 375 and bake 20 minutes. Serve in slices with your favorite cream sauce and cooked frozen whole green beans.

NOTE: In our picture on page 26 the pastry was rolled into two rectangles and edges crimped to seal together. ♦

☆ ☆ ☆

HOMECOMING

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

What is it that you give me in your
kiss
That I so covet it? My love, it's
this:
A sense of having come through
cold and dangers
From very far, a stranger among
strangers,
And being safe at last, and fed and
warm
And comforted and sheltered from
the storm.
Within your kiss I find a door to
close,
A hearth to kneel by, and a heart's
repose.

☆ ☆ ☆

LESSON IN MURDER

Continued from page 23

for the dinner table. She gave him a quick glance as he passed her and went out into the garden. He was on his way to Helen, of course. Whenever he felt like that he always made a beeline for Aunt Helen, and she always knew what to say to him.

Helen was just coming over the pack bridge which crossed the river at the end of the garden. The huge, rough stones of the bridge, yellow with moss, had no parapets. By night it was better to go round, unless you knew the spot very well. But Helen always used this route, by daylight or darkness. No one knew it as she did. She had persuaded Philip to buy Hugonin's Mill, one hundred miles from London, as a wedding present for her. She had made it gradually into the lovely place it was now, practically with her own hands. Whatever Helen put her gentle fingerprint on—whether a place or a person—became the mark of quality and grace.

Helen was forty-five, but she still looked less than thirty, slender as a girl and fair as a yellow rose. Her beauty was the lasting kind because so much of it was invisible to the eye. It was implied in the tenderness of the dreaming mouth and the soft attentiveness of her glance, in the unfeeling tranquility of her movements and the beautiful repose of her stillness. She had brought Bill up since he was seven, when she married his uncle and guardian, and he was still astonished and grateful every time he saw her afresh after half an hour's absence.

A good thing for the child, people had said, when Helen took over both the uncle and the nephew. Otherwise, who knew how the boy might have turned out under Philip Greville's unregenerate influence? But with Helen any child was safe. And any man, too, it seemed. Helen had made a new and far better man of Philip.

Helen laid a cool finger against Bill's suffused cheek. He didn't turn his face away from her; it was never necessary to hide anything from Helen.

"You've been teasing Philip again! Silly child, I warned you he was involved with proofs and wanted to get them done. Which of you have I to be nice to this time?"

"Me! He won, hands down." It was odd that he never minded being called a silly child by her, though he hated it when Philip so much as implied a want of years or sense in him. "Oh, Helen, do help me to make him see reason! He doesn't listen to me, but he will to you. I've only got a few days left, and then I'm sunk. It's the sort of chance that comes only once in a lifetime. If I miss it I can never hope for another."

She took his arm, and turned him gently to face her. "Darling, do you want so much to leave us?"

"No, I— Yes, I suppose I do. But it isn't like that! I have to launch out for myself some time, don't I? I don't want to leave you—how could I? But some day I've got to. And I do want to manage my own life. Everybody wants that."

"And Philip wants it for you, Bill. Believe me, he does. Only he distrusts this project, and doesn't want you to go into it and then be disappointed."

"I won't be disappointed. I tell you,



WATCH!

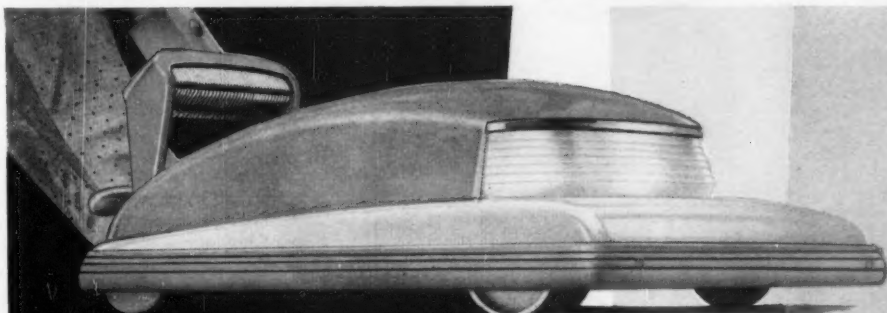
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the thing's all right. Lawson's all right. Philip's making a frightful mistake, and I'm the one who's going to suffer for it. And it's my money; I've a right to it, haven't I? You'd let me have it if it was in your hands, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, Bill, my dear, how can I say? I should want to know all about the thing. And I'm not clever about business. I'm glad it's Phil who has the decision and not me."

"But you would give in," persisted Bill with certainty. "You wouldn't be able to go on flatly saying 'no' to me. You wouldn't make me angry. I shouldn't make a fool of myself with you. I always do with him."

She said with a quiet smile, "You make too much of it when you fall out with him. You're far too alike to get on together very smoothly. Only promise me, darling, to leave him alone now, or you'll only make things worse. He has a lot of work to finish, and now, with the Renauds coming for the weekend, he'll have to be sociable, too."

"But I can't let it go at that," protested Bill, aghast. "I've got to try again. Unless you'd talk to him for me! Would you? Helen, would you? Helen, please!" He shut his arms around her and hugged her, cajoling her as shamelessly as he had done at seven years old. "It's terribly important to me. You don't know how much it means. Oh, Helen, will you?"

"I don't promise to ask him to do what you want. Remember that! But I promise I'll talk it over with him, and try to advise him to let you have the money. If I think it justified—if I think it justified, I said. But only if you're good, and let him alone, and make yourself useful with the guests tonight."

She laughed, holding him off breathlessly. "It shouldn't be any hardship to be nice to the lady—she's very beautiful."

Perversely, and on an impulse he instantly regretted bitterly, Bill said, "Mrs. Renaud is an old flame of Philip's. Did you know?"

Her laughter, as radiant as it was quiet, dispersed the sudden sense of shock he had felt at his own spurt of mischief. Of course she knew! Was there anything about Philip that she didn't know? And for the best of reasons, because Philip himself had no secrets from her.

"What an unpleasantly knowing child you must have been," she said smiling, "before I took you in hand. There was a time when your uncle was virtually a mass of flames—yes, I know. You can't expect that to surprise me. I found him attractive, too."

"Sorry, darling! You ought to box my ears when I say things like that. But I really did wonder why you invited them. I mean—well, I don't suppose Renaud knows, and it could be a little awkward, couldn't it?"

"Actually, Estelle did the inviting practically singlehanded. When we bumped into her at the theatre in London, she made it so plain what she wanted, that I was too feeble to pretend not to understand. But I don't suppose there'll be the slightest awkwardness. Why should there? It was a very long time ago."

Fifteen years of a fabulous marriage separated Helen from any shadow of anxiety about Estelle Renaud.

"They'll be here in about half an hour," Helen said. "Come and help me to get my music ready for tomorrow night. Then I shan't have to bother about it later."

"And you won't forget your promise?"

he asked, falling into step beside her, almost comforted.

"Do I usually forget my promises?"

Between the soup and the coffee a subtle change took place in Estelle Renaud's thoughts and preoccupations at Helen's table. Philip looked as she would have expected him to look after so long an interval: handsome and distinguished in his middle-aged domesticity, with an attractive frosting of grey in his thick hair, but brows and lashes as black as ever. Yes, he looked his age, but his age became him. And she? She was forty-seven. Did he still think her beautiful? She was tall and resplendent, and not afraid of her opulent coloring, her red-gold hair and violet eyes. And thinking back pleasantly to those old days when they had been together, she found herself his match still.

They had sown wild oats lavishly in those days and it had not troubled her at all to be one of a joyous procession of women in his life. Nor had she found his manner of scattering his talents at all wasteful; nor his wild reputation a reproach to her equally prodigal spirit. Strange how differently two women could look at the same man!

She gazed thoughtfully at Helen across the table, noting the fair and delicate loveliness, the measured movements, the singular appropriateness of every word and every silence, every gesture and every stillness. This was the woman he'd gone so far as to marry. It was the first opportunity Estelle had ever had to observe her closely.

This woman had transformed not only his state, but his life. What had not troubled Estelle was anathema to Helen. She could not allow Philip to continue to throw away his many gifts, making nothing of them, getting nothing out of them, burning himself out unprofitably. She had turned him into a model husband, faithful without question, industrious, disciplined, channeling his powers into the books which had made a name for him in the world. He had a reputation in literary circles now. He had money, too, which was an asset not to be despised. Estelle knew all about that. She had married for money, once her early fling was over. Bohemianism for life was a luxury she could not afford.

She looked at her husband being attentive to Helen on the opposite side of the table. Gerard was nearly sixty and developing the heavy, drooping fleshiness of the sedentary businessman, the penalty of his capacity for making money. But she certainly couldn't complain that he hadn't kept his side of the bargain. There was more money than even she could ever spend.

"I've often heard you broadcast, Mrs. Greville," Gerard was saying. "You gave a Schubert recital one night last autumn. I admired your singing very much."

"Helen has a twenty-minute TV recital tomorrow night," said Philip proudly.

"I feel very guilty about abandoning you all for the day," said Helen, with her tender and brilliant smile, "but I can hardly back out of it. I give so few concerts these days."

"Helen has to be rather careful about how much she undertakes," Philip explained for her. "She has a heart condition that keeps her from exerting herself too much. And she finds broadcasting less demanding than concerts."

"Less tiring, at any rate," said Helen, with a deprecating frown and a quick

smile in her husband's direction. "I'm not ill, you know, I'm just under supervision and ordered to take things easy."

Dr. Benson came in for coffee after dinner. He always made a point of calling casually, upon some friendly pretext or other, whenever Helen was about to make a trip to London for a singing engagement. Nothing was said about professional matters; he simply observed the evidences of her health and spirits, and if he was satisfied, proffered no advice.

Then the rector came in through the

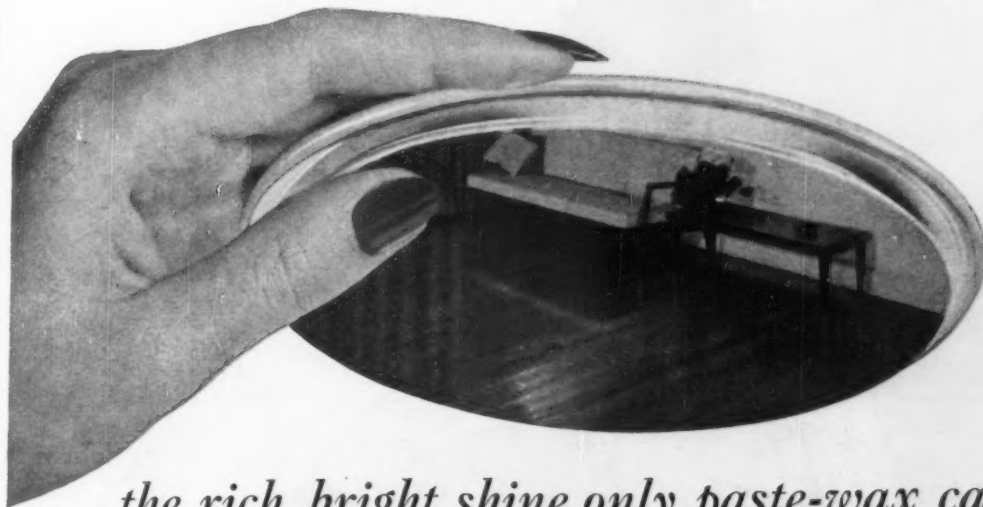
French windows from the garden with his stepdaughter, Rachel. Rachel was the contradiction of everything Bill had ever admired or wanted in a woman. She entered the presence of acquaintances and strangers alike without a social smile. Her clothes were not chosen to please anyone but herself. Her young face, with its spare flesh and resolute bones, could have been a boy's face. And the hands with which she accepted her coffee cup were strong and square, with short, untinted fingernails. Workman's hands. She

was capable of saying the wrong thing after deliberation, but she was never likely to do so without thinking.

"Canada!" she said when she heard the location of Gerard Renaud's largest business interests. "Bill here is thinking of going into some mining project in your country, Mr. Renaud. Unless he's changed his plans since I was here last, that is."

"He hasn't," said Philip promptly, "but it's high time he did. Mining with Peter Lawson is out—definitely, finally out. I'll see to that. Do you think you could in-

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58-17

duce him to realize it, Rachel? I'd be grateful. Reiteration bores me."

Bill was aware of a momentary congestion of slightly embarrassed glances taking stock of him, and of his own suffused face. He hated Philip for an instant with all his heart, and Rachel hardly less. He opened his mouth to make an angry rejoinder and felt Helen's soft hand on his wrist, subduing him with a touch. She gave him a warning frown and a quick, comforting smile, and deflected the battery of eyes back upon her husband.

"Philip can't bear having to talk or think about business in any shape or form. In any case, he's hardly fit for human company when he has proofs to correct. I'm surprised he's still with us," she said, meeting her husband's eyes with a teasing smile. "It can't be a social conscience, because he hasn't one. It must be Mrs. Renaud's influence."

"Work," said Philip, "is for the middle of the night, when no beguiling company offers. There's no other way of getting rid of proofs, in any case."

"I very much enjoyed your last book," said the rector.

"Did you? How kind! I never thought of you as a reader of murder mysteries."

"Murder?" said Gerard. "That's what you deal in, is it? They're committed so easily on paper, but in real life they seem to provide practical difficulties."

"Every man carries about with him the possibility of his own destruction," Philip said. "It's only necessary to know him well enough to know the habits of his mind and his routine to kill him."

"Say, for instance, that I had some motive for wanting to murder you," Gerard said, "how would I set about it?"

"Very well, by all means take my own case," said Philip. "When I'm working I'm a creature of rigid habit, and my day's vulnerable at a dozen points, well known to all the household and a large number of my friends outside it. It wouldn't take much observation to get the hang of my routine. I retire to my glory hole up there," he said, indicating by a wave of his hand his study at the head of the staircase, "about ten o'clock, and work half the night. All night if my deadline is catching up with me. No inspiration is involved. I do it on coffee. My sister, Mary, makes a large pot of it just before she goes to bed, about eleven. She's a creature of habit, too, so it always is about eleven, and it's always the same old black ceramic pot with the flowers and matching cup. Mary always tiptoes up and puts it on the table outside my door and tiptoes away again. It stands out there for anything from ten minutes to three quarters of an hour before I remember to fetch it in and the whole household marches past it to bed."

"How easy, how very easy, instead of laying elaborate plots that are sure to leave a loose end somewhere, simply to wait for an occasion when the house has enough people in it to render your presence inconspicuous and drop something lethal into the coffee-pot!"

"True, it would entail getting hold of the something lethal by strictly private means, and something not so volatile as to lose its potency during the half-hour interval. But it wouldn't really present much of a problem, because, you see, it needn't be something that left no trace. The traces would only end in mid-air, among half a dozen people who shared the same opportunity. Then all you would have to do would be keep your nerve, admit nothing, know nothing, do nothing. No, all you need to kill efficiently is patience, placidity and the ability to observe accurately."

When the meditative little lecture ended, Helen looked around the circle of faces with a deprecating little grimace. "I'm so sorry, but I have to go to bed. Please don't let me disturb anyone else. I'm supposed to get plenty of rest."

The rector rose at once, with apologies for failing to notice the length of their stay and profuse hopes that they had not tired her. But she pressed him gently back into his chair and declined with firmness to let her departure break up the evening. Though she knows, thought Estelle, her eyes fixed on the slender, straight back as Helen ascended the staircase, that it will! She knows that they all move and breathe and function on her will. She's too sure of herself!

Am I negligible, that she confides her husband to me for a whole day without even a qualm? She despises all competition. Well, we'll see! But for that, Helen Greville, I don't think I'd have bothered to take him from you. But now I will. But for that, I don't seriously think, on consideration, that I should have wanted him. But now I do want him!

Helen rose early in the morning. She filled in the time before her train by running happily about the mill, doing innumerable little jobs. She went to lift down from its shelf in the cabinet the black coffee-pot and cup Philip had described the previous evening. She laid out



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the little tray for the night, touching every piece with the same gentle, glowing smile. "I know that wasn't necessary. I only wanted to do it myself," she told Mary.

When it was time for Helen to catch her train to London, Bill brought around the big car and everyone came out onto the sweep of gravel before the mill to see her off. At the last moment she turned back from the open door of the car to kiss Philip again, lifting her face to him with a sudden impulsive passion. Estelle, watching from the doorstep, thought of the long hours of the day and the night unrolling before her at leisure, and smiled to herself.

That evening, as Philip closed the door of his study and stretched out a hand toward the light switch, another hand came out of the deep dusk in the corner of the room and took him by the wrist, arresting the movement. He stiffened for an instant only, and then quite softly and delightedly he began to laugh. And he did not switch on the light.

"My dear Estelle! My dear girl! How like you! May I put on the desk light, at least? It would be nice to see you. That was always a pleasure and, believe me, it still is. The curtains are already drawn, I see. That was thoughtful of you."

"I am thoughtful. Had you forgotten? How lucky that you're not one of those authors who lock the doors of their workrooms." She herself reached out and switched on the reading lamp on the desk.

"I thought that you were lying down with a headache. How is it now? Better, I trust. His voice, even in mockery, was an intimate whisper. Downstairs the others were talking steadily, the murmur of their conversation floating up as though from a great distance.

"So much better that I shall be able to come down and enjoy Helen's recital, in half an hour or so—if Helen's husband sees fit to complete the cure!" She drew near to him very softly, her eyes shining with laughter. He made no move to meet her or to retreat from her. He stood quite still as she slid her hands upward to his shoulders.

"Are you angry?" she asked in that particular tone which said she knew the answer.

"Oh, my sweet, crazy, darling girl. Angry? I can't thank you enough! Here was I thinking old age already had me by the tail and all the bloom was off me for good. And you blaze into the house like a comet and get me feeling young again! It's a compliment."

Her hands stole round his neck and drew him against her. In a moment she felt his arms go gently round her. "Philip! You must have seen, you must have known, how I still feel about you. We made the worst mistake of our lives when we separated. I've been miserable ever since. And you? You can't go on for the rest of your life living on milk and water! That's no diet for you!"

He was quivering gently in her embrace and at first she thought that it was with passion. But when he spoke there was no mistaking the deep tremors of laughter, a teasing, affectionate laughter that made her heart sink.

"Oh, my dear, we're not children any more. We grew up an uncomfortably long time ago. And in an uncomfortably short time now we're going to grow old. I'm not such a fool as to think I can live my youth all over again."

The spot where his touch had rested

burned her. She put up a cold hand to rub the mark away. "And I mean nothing to you?"

"You mean very much—high spirits, fun, fond memories, beauty, kindness."

"But not love! She means that to you!"

"Since you understand only one thing by that word—yes, Helen means that to me."

He smiled at her and he was gone. She stood where he had left her, cold now to the heart with humiliation and rage. She thought that if she could have

killed him at that moment she would have done it and felt healed and vindicated in the act.

After Helen's television recital, Philip climbed the stairs and vanished into his study, closing the door behind him with a finality no one was likely to challenge. The evening had ended. Nothing of importance could happen now until Helen's return. They might as well go to bed. They were only sitting in an uncomfortable vacuum between a day which had

already ended and one which could not yet begin.

Rachel had come to see the program and Bill walked her home to the rectory. Mary rolled up her knitting and went to make Philip's coffee. She soon climbed the stairs with the little black ceramic tray and laid it on the table outside his door. She hesitated, wondering if she ought not to come down and pick up the hospitable duties Philip had kicked out of his way with so little ceremony and keep his guests company until they chose

So much at ease...



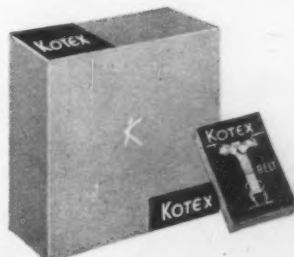
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my fellow Canadians:

In the short space of eight months, the Government, in which it is my privilege to serve as Prime Minister, has laid the foundations for a new National Development Policy to equalize opportunity and raise the standard of living of Canadians in all our provinces. In doing so, we believe we have honoured our promises in keeping with your mandate of last June. In that spirit, we now submit for your approval our record of accomplishment since you entrusted us with the conduct of your government.

We have already reduced taxes by \$178,000,000 including income tax reductions for 4½ million Canadians.

We have increased old age pensions to \$55 a month and increased old age assistance payments and pensions for the disabled and for the blind. We have doubled federal grants for hospital construction.

We have provided \$87,000,000 in financial assistance to the provinces including special grants to the Atlantic Provinces to raise their level of economic opportunity.

We have increased and extended allowance and disability pension benefits for 250,000 veterans and their families.

Since last June, there has been a progressive easing of the previous government's tight money policy which had an adverse effect on various industries and small businesses in Canada. Bank interest rates have been reduced. \$300,000,000 has been provided for housing loans resulting in a current all-time high in winter home building.

We have taken measures to find new markets for our wheat and other farm products and to recover export markets which had been drastically

reduced while our resources were being exported in raw or semi-processed form.

We have made an effective start on our broad program to bring the income of farmers into line with that of other salary and wage earners. We have provided cash advances for farm stored grain; limited unfair imports of farm products; assisted dairying and other phases of agriculture; and introduced legislation, long sought by farmers, to stabilize and increase farm prices by relating them in advance to production costs and other factors.

We have provided long overdue salary increases to our armed forces and to civil servants.

We have undertaken an extensive program of major works projects to provide more jobs for Canadians in all provinces.

These are some of the achievements of your Conservative Government. What we have done so far is, of course, only a start on the fuller policy of Canadianism which we put before you last year. We have done what could be done in this short space of time as a minority government. We now come before you again to ask your mandate to carry on with a working majority which will enable us to translate our entire program into effective action for the benefit of all Canadians.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'John G. Diefenbaker', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the left.

JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER

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to go to bed. But Gerard looked up from the hall below and met her eyes with a masterful stare and said with emphasis, "Good night, Miss Greville!"

"Good night! Good night, Mrs. Renaud. I do hope you'll have a good sleep and feel better in the morning."

"Thank you!" said Estelle mechanically. "I'm sure I shall. Good night!"

In their room, Gerard stood over his wife, who sat staring up at him with a bleak and open hostility he had never seen in her face before. "Estelle, I don't ask what has passed between you and him. Oh, for God's sake don't try to deny that there's been something. Do you think I'm stone blind? I know you were in his study with him. I only say, let it end there. Let it end now! Don't push me any further and I'll forget this ever happened. But if you persist in humiliating yourself and me—"

Her stunned pride rose flaming into life again. She glared up at her husband and forced her rigid countenance to do the impossible. She looked him full in the eyes and laughed.

With astonishment and contempt she saw tears in his eyes. "I won't let you do this!" Gerard cried. "I'll kill you first, and him, too! You're my wife! Let him alone! From now on, let him alone. I warn you—I warn you!" His voice was thick and broken, as though he had suffered a stroke.

She knew it was time to be a little afraid, but she was so full of bitterness that there was no room for fear. She wrenched herself free and flung away from him.

"I'll do as I please! You mean nothing to me—do you hear? Nothing! I'm sick and tired of pretending you do."

When Bill came in a little later, he made his rounds dutifully. Then he stood for a long time in miserable indecision outside Philip's door. Should he go in? Should he make one more attempt to talk to his uncle? Could he keep his temper this time? And would it do any good, even if he did?

"What's the good!" thought Bill, wretchedly. He looked down moodily at the coffee tray and his hand cupped the rounded breast of the pot for a moment before he passed reluctantly on to his own room.

It was perhaps ten minutes later that Philip opened his door and took in the tray.

Philip hasn't come down yet," said Mary, the next morning, coming in from the garden as Bill was finishing a very late breakfast. "I wonder if I ought to wake him?"

"I shouldn't. I expect he's been up half the night working. Wake him about the time I start for the station, that'll give him time to be up and waiting for Helen when we get back."

Mary, carrying a cup of tea, entered Philip's bedroom just as Bill was lifting the garage key from its hook in the kitchen. He was halfway out of the door when Mary came into the kitchen in a stiff, dazed, hurrying walk, her hand at her mouth, her eyes blank with horror.

"What's wrong? Aunt Mary, what is it? What happened?"

The alarm and concern in his voice seemed to reach her. She fell into his arms and blinked dazedly into his face. She began to shake between his hands.

"Bill, something's happened to Philip! He won't wake up! I touched him. He's cold, Bill. I think he's dead!"

Bill stood by Philip's bed. "Dr. Benson's on his way," he told Mary. "There's nothing we can do until he comes, except perhaps tell the Renauds what's happened. I've already telephoned Rachel and she's going to meet Helen's train."

"Poor Philip," said Mary. With eyes still slightly dazed she observed the evidences of her brother's last preoccupations. On his desk was an unfinished proof and on a corner lay the coffee tray, the bottom of the single cup dark with grounds.

Bill's eyes suddenly fixed in appalled remembrance on the black ceramic pot. He heard Philip's thoughtful, dispassionate voice lecturing on the psychology of successful murder, saying with deliberation, "All you need to kill efficiently is patience, placidity and the ability to observe accurately."

Bill felt sick and recognized with humiliation that he was horribly frightened. This death was altogether too apt. Had there been among Philip's audience one pupil willing to learn the technique literally? It was at that moment that they heard Dr. Benson's feet stamping up the stairs. Mary hurried to meet him on the landing and led him into Philip's room. Dr. Benson made a rapid and careful examination.

"Healthy people like Philip don't go out overnight like this," he said at length.

"Yes," said Bill with difficulty. "It means an inquest, and probably a post-mortem, too."

"You don't seem surprised," said the doctor, looking up at him narrowly.

"No. I thought myself that it was all wrong. He wasn't ill. Can you tell what he really did die of?"

"It will take a post-mortem to say for certain, but I can make a pretty close estimate. He died of a good large dose of one of the barbiturates, luminal or something like it. He's been dead several hours."

They stood looking at each other for a moment in an exchange of thoughts which needed no words. Then Bill said, "He had his coffee last night as usual. The tray's in the next room. We haven't touched it. That was right, wasn't it?"

And after a momentary struggle with the wave of panic that rose in him like a high tide, he asked almost brusquely, "Who sends for the police, you or me?"

Estelle and Gerard were silent at the news of Philip's death until Bill said, "I had to telephone the police."

Then Gerard sprang to life. "The police? But I don't understand! Why should the police come into the matter? You have examined Mr. Greville, I take it, Doctor. A most tragic death and a terrible shock for his wife. But is there really any ground for supposing it to be anything but natural?"

Estelle's hands gripped the arms of her chair, "Perhaps we could at least relieve Mrs. Greville of the burden of having guests at a time like this. We could drive back to town today, instead of on Tuesday. It might be the best way of helping."

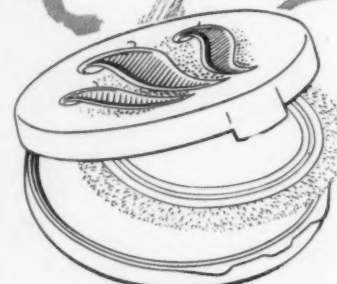
"I'm afraid," said the doctor dryly, "that it may be necessary for you to stay. It will be for the police to say if you can leave, and when."

The hum of the car turning in from the road made them all spring to the French windows.

"That will be the police," said the doctor.

"It's not the police," Bill said. "There hasn't been time. It's Helen!"

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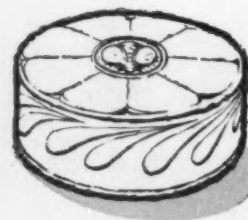
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He plunged down the steps into the garden and ran to meet Helen as she stepped out of the car.

"Darling," said Bill, quite softly and slowly, "something terrible has happened while you've been away, and you must be very brave. Darling—it's Philip. He—Helen—he's dead."

He almost wished to keep back the last blow, but Helen stood straight and composed in his arms, watching him with that pale and resolute face. He could not affront her by hiding anything. "We've had to call in the police. There's something wrong about the death. There'll have to be an inquest, to find out the real cause of Philip's death."

"My dear, my dear!" was all Helen said for a moment. Then, drawing herself a little away from his supporting arms, "I'll go to him. Don't worry about me, Bill. I shall be all right." Her voice was remote but firm. It came clearly from steady lips. Nobody ventured to intrude upon her loneliness, even with sympathy. Bill followed her at a respectful distance across the hall and up the staircase, and waited humbly outside Philip's door in case she should need him.

Helen closed the door and was alone with her husband.

The police were in almost constant possession of Philip's study for three days. They interviewed and questioned and took fingerprints, and went over the events of Friday again and again with every member of the household. But they did not extract from anyone the gist of Philip's conversation. Philip himself had given them all the most explicit instructions on how to deal with this situation: "All you have to do is keep your nerve, admit nothing, know nothing, do nothing. The traces will end in mid-air, among half a dozen people who shared the same opportunity."

Did the police even discover any of the possible motives that were thick in the air of the house? Bill had only realized them himself, had only grown sensitive to their implications when he saw Gerard and Estelle staring at each other with bleak and ferocious hatred through their masks of solidarity and affection.

"We sat here for perhaps ten minutes after Miss Greville had said good night," Gerard had said at his first interview, "and then we went up to bed."

"Together?"

"Of course, together."

That left Bill last to go up to bed that night. He had gone up the stairs alone, after the house was quiet. He had even hesitated for a long minute outside Philip's door. He had touched the coffee-pot. He might have left distinguishable prints on it! He could have dropped luminal tablets into it easily enough. He could have taken them from the supply in the bathroom at any time that day or days beforehand. They were always available to him.

And Philip had said flatly, in front of everyone, that he would not, under any circumstances, let Bill have the money to go off to Canada with Lawson. Mary and Helen would not lie, but they wouldn't volunteer any information on that subject unless they were asked. And if no one prompted the police in the first place they probably never would be asked. The household, with all its diverse personalities, was being forced into a solidarity of silence against the common enemy. Most people talk too much when

Continued on page 69



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Your sharp eye and imagination can convert "finds" like these into decorative dividends



An old leather hatbox was relined with colorful wall-paper to make this unusual wastebasket — for only \$4.



Vanity, with a mirror from the dime store, was created from a cherrywood school desk suspended from wall. Mirror supports from a Victorian dresser add decorative importance. Cost \$12.



Secretary, heavy-looking in its original dark wood, was painted off-white to blend with walls in a small apartment. \$20.

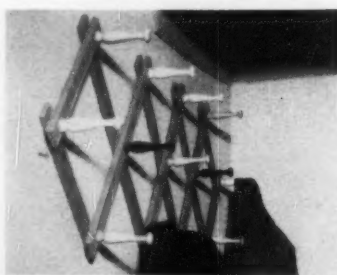


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Old-fashioned coatrack, sanded and painted gay accent colors, brightens hall. \$4.



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LESSON IN MURDER

Continued from page 67

the police are around, out of sheer nervousness. But these people had been tutored by Philip and were schooled in the virtues of ignorance and silence.

The inspector said resignedly to his sergeant, on the eve of the inquest, "Every person in the house may have had a strong motive for wanting Greville out of the way, but we shall never know any of them, unless a miracle happens."

He had been reviewing the relationships involved in the case, and they were all apparently blameless. Greville, his wife, his sister Mary and his nephew Bill had lived amicably together for fifteen years, and there was no visible reason why they should change now. The other two were strangers, old acquaintances chance-met a few weeks ago and invited for the weekend. There was no one here, outside Hugonin's Mill, who knew anything at all about them. And no one in the other part of the Renauds' life, it seemed, who knew anything about the Grevilles. The woman was interesting, but the connection very tenuous.

"Opportunity," said the sergeant, "they all had it—barring Mrs. Greville, of course. She was a hundred miles away all that day. Miss Greville made the coffee. She was alone in the kitchen and she took the tray up herself. The boy Grant came back after seeing the girl home to the rectory and found everybody else had already gone up to bed. He says himself the tray was still there. Naturally he says he didn't touch it, but he easily could have. There was nobody else about by that time. Then, the Renaud couple—they're out of it according to their evidence. They went up to bed together. They're husband and wife and it's only natural they should give each other an alibi. But in this case, I can't say I get the impression of a devoted couple. In any case, we haven't a scrap of evidence that either of them had a motive for killing Greville."

"The coffee in the pot was stiff with luminal," said the inspector, "as well as the dregs in the cup. Evidently the stuff was dropped into the pot—which is just about the most unlikely way in the world of committing suicide. The only prints on the pot are Greville's own, and those of Mrs. Greville, who got the tray ready in the morning, and Miss Greville, who made the coffee at night. There's some trace of a handprint round the middle of the pot, but nothing identifiable. The knob on the lid has no prints except Greville's and Miss Greville's, which is as it should be. Everything, in fact, is as it should be. Except that a man's dead."

"And none of the people involved knows anything," said the sergeant.

"That could be genuine in all cases but one, of course. Or it could be pure fright. Or it could be a case of everybody having something to hide. We'll keep working away at it. Sooner or later somebody's going to give way."

But nobody gave way. They were already forewarned and forearmed against any such eventuality. Philip had had apt pupils.

Nothing new emerged at the inquest. Nothing new was allowed to emerge. Only the awkward fact that the luminal had undoubtedly been administered in the coffee, in a manner very unlikely in

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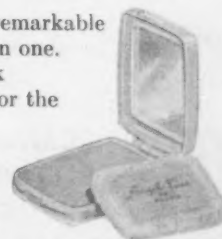
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a suicide and almost impossible to consider as an accident, prevented the jury from bringing in an open verdict. As it was, they were compelled to agree on a verdict of murder against a person unknown.

If Philip's conversation on the subject of murder had been brought to their notice they might have reached the same conclusion in considerably less time and with fewer misgivings. But somehow that little discursion had fallen clean out of the memory of every person who had been present to hear it. Even the rector had seen fit to put it out of his mind.

"A perfectly sound verdict," said the inspector bitterly, "and only four people to pick from, barring the extremely remote chance of some unknown intruder. And we're about as likely to be able to pick out the right one and prove it as we are to pan gold out of the millstream down there. If only they were a shade more talkative, one of them might say the wrong thing."

But they preserved still their impenetrable reserve. Only Helen, immured from all other anxieties in her solitary and unobtrusive grief, talked naturally, the inspector felt. But why should Helen, in any case, try to hide what she knew, when she knew no more than he did? She alone stood clear of all the events of that Friday, with some millions of witnesses to testify to her whereabouts and her actions at least a hundred miles away.

Permission had been given for Philip's funeral to take place, and two days after the inquest they buried him.

The inspector came to see Helen the next day. He found her in Philip's study, assembling the mass of her husband's works and collecting all the letters and documents he had accumulated in the years of his celebrity. Bill, who had been helping her to sort out this material, left them to talk in privacy.

Down by the pack bridge the wet green trees leaned over the angry brown water of the millstream, swollen after the heavy rain. On the banks stood the Renauds, very close together, turned a little away from each other, as he had seen them constantly since Philip's death.

"That was the inspector again, wasn't it?" Gerard asked Bill without finesse. "What did he want this time?"

"He's still with Aunt Helen," said Bill. "How much longer does he think he can keep us here? My business is suffering. There's surely no need for us to stay here now. If he wants us again he could very easily find us."

"If he sees fit to take the restrictions off us," said Bill, "no doubt Helen will be glad to let you know as soon as possible."

"Ah, here's Mrs. Greville now," Gerard said.

Helen came over the wet grass, slender and frail in unrelieved black.

"You needn't have run away, Bill," she said. "The inspector stayed only a few minutes." She looked into Gerard's face, and very faintly and coolly she smiled, aware of his agony of impatience. "He apologized, Mr. Renaud, for keeping you here so long. I'm sure you understand that he was only doing his duty. But now he says that we can all consider ourselves free to move. You may leave Hugonin's Mill whenever you wish."

Helen watched them go.

"I suppose," said Bill, drawing nearer to Helen's shoulder, "that means, in effect, that the police have given up."

"I don't think they ever give up," said Helen. "They know where to find us all."

"You know what I mean. They've given up expecting any success. I know they'll go on trying. Helen, it's only sometimes that I realize that somebody killed Philip—really killed him, put an end to him, to all that life, and gaiety."

"I know how you feel, Bill," she said gently. "I understand very well. But death isn't such an infinite disaster. Nor life such a wonderful thing to lose." She looked at him with affection, touched him briefly on the cheek with her small, delicate hand. "Now I've got to go in. Here's Dr. Benson. No, it's nothing out of the way. Only a routine examination."

Bill sat by the riverbank and moodily watched her go. Rachel found him sitting there. "I hear the Renauds are off," she said.

"The grapevine's still working well up to schedule, then. The inspector only left here about ten minutes ago. I suppose the village doesn't claim to know which of us actually did it?"

"If they know, they haven't confided in me," Rachel answered. "I think it's

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I AM RAIN

By Nancy-Gay Smith

I am rain,
That painless, melancholy sensation
that plagues men so.
I stream down mournful, cobble-
swept roads,
Bouncing from empty ghost-ridden
houses,
Screaching like wind through deso-
late, gloomy alleys,
Still on I go.
Be not afraid ye whimpering babes
in mother's caressing arms,
I mean no harm.
Hark, at the end of it all,
A gentle lark will be singing its
joyful call.

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regarded as unlikely that anybody'll ever be charged."

Bill heard himself saying, to his own amazement, "You didn't ever consider it as a possibility that I'd done it?"

With composure Rachel sat. "Did you want me to take that question seriously? Then, no, I never entertained the idea that you could have done it. You and Philip loved each other very much. And that's enough to stand all the pressures either of you could ever put on it."

"Yes, I did love him! I hardly realized it myself. I'd never thought much about it until now. You don't think about these things. But I did! I hope he knew it."

"He knew it," said Rachel.

"Has it occurred to you, Bill, that there's only one person who seems to have no curiosity at all about the cause of Philip's death? This case is going to fade away gradually, as far as we can see, leaving a permanent shadow on everyone—except Helen. Isn't it odd that she, the only one patently innocent, the one most wronged, should show no pre-occupation at all with the question of who killed her husband? Especially as he was her creation!"

"What do you mean?" Bill was ready to spring into resentment at a word.

"Well, wasn't he? The Philip who operated here was a Philip she'd made. It was she who shrank him to fit. She shrank him down from the wild, lavish, generous creature he was, into her domesticated novelist. Wouldn't you have thought Helen would have felt God's own indignation at seeing her creation cut off? Well, you've seen her! She doesn't even show any desire to know who killed him."

Bill sprang up from the stone bench, trembling violently. "What's wrong with you? Do you just enjoy overturning things?"

Rachel looked at him with a curiously vulnerable helplessness and shook her head. Her lips quivered. "No, I don't know that I enjoy it. But things may need overturning, if they've been standing on their heads from the beginning."

Bill took her by the arm and jerked her to her feet to face him. "What did you mean, about Helen behaving as if she knows?"

"Exactly what I said, of course. What do you think I meant?" Rachel freed herself with a strong turn of her arm, but without any anger and without drawing away from him. Looking over his shoulder she said, in a low voice, "Look out, Helen's coming with Dr. Benson."

He looked round quickly, half suspecting a trick to deflect his anger. Helen and the doctor were walking slowly. Deep in conversation, they were not yet near enough to have seen the two people beside the bridge. Bill found himself very reluctant to meet anyone just then, least of all Helen. He had to know what Rachel meant.

"Don't go—you mustn't go yet, you've got to explain yourself. Here, come away from here!" He drew her back into the trees until they were hidden from the path.

Helen and Dr. Benson came down side by side, strolling without haste, to the riverbank. "So to all intents and purposes it's all over," said the doctor.

"I expect we shall still see the police from time to time, but I doubt if anything new will turn up now," said Helen gently. "It's clear they don't think they have enough to justify a charge against anyone at the moment."

"That doesn't trouble you?"

"Do you think it should?" she asked.

"That depends entirely on your viewpoint, I suppose. Personally, I feel rather strongly about poisons and the people who use them, and I should be glad to see Philip's murderer brought to justice."

The two, hidden by the trees, had not meant to listen. But they found themselves listening in a mutual guilt which drew them still closer together.

"Since it is all over," said the doctor, "may I ask you a peculiarly intimate question, Helen?"

"Of course!" she said, surprised.

"How did you manage it?"

"I don't understand you," said Helen, after a moment of blank silence. "How did I manage what?"

"How did you kill Philip?"

If he had raised his voice, or in any way marked in his manner the extravagance of the thing he was suggesting, Bill would have cried out then and gone crashing through the trees to confront him. But it was said so dryly and dully that for a moment he really did not understand.

Rachel saw the slow beginning of horror and indignation in his eyes, saw the



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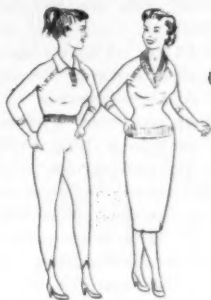
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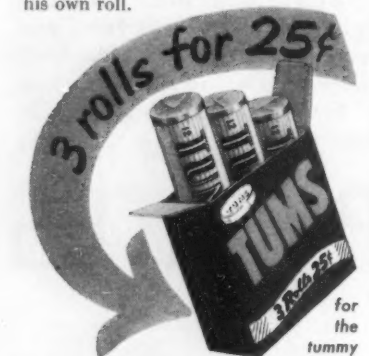
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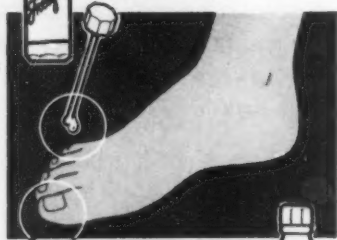
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hectic flush mount his face like a wave and his lips open. She put up her free hand and clamped it sharply over his mouth. The question could not be left there. It had to be answered.

Helen had not moved. She was no longer smiling, but her face retained its pale serenity. "I notice that you don't ask me why," she said.

"No need," said the doctor, "I know that already. I'm the only person who's in a position to know it. You killed him because you know, as I know, and as no one else knows, that your heart is in such a condition that you may drop dead at any moment. You can't live long in any case. You killed Philip because you couldn't bear to think of him living on and enjoying life without you."

Helen smiled. Radiantly, contemptuously, proudly, she smiled into the old man's face. The young man, rigid as an icicle between Rachel's hands, and almost as cold, stood with a motionless, shocked face staring between the branches. He already knew that the horrified, incredulous denial for which he had waited would never come.

"How little you know me!" said Helen. "After all these years, how very little you know me! I killed him because without me he would have gone to pieces. And that was something I couldn't allow to happen. Do you think I've forgotten what he was in the old days, before I married him? Do you think he has forgotten? If he could have known how soon I was to leave him, he'd have begged me to save him from slipping back into that decline and fall. I spared him the pain of knowing. I couldn't go away and leave my work unfinished."

"What you mean," said the doctor with a bitter, resigned smile, "is that you couldn't go away and leave him free to live and work and love as he pleased. You couldn't trust him not to marry again, and it was inconceivable to you that another woman should ever take your place. It was Mrs. Renaud, wasn't it, who made up your mind for you? And you needn't have worried, my dear Helen, you needn't have worried at all! Philip's conception of love was something quite different from yours, and far more tragic. I've known him a long time. There never would have been anyone but you for Philip again, living or dead. That was his tragedy. But he'd have lived without you, oh, yes, and enjoyed what was left. So, perhaps according to your lights, you were still justified."

Helen was impervious. "I've done what I had to do! If it is a sin, I'll answer for it."

"If what you have done is a sin," said the doctor grimly, "you'll have to answer for it. And by our more worldly standards that could mean standing trial for murder."

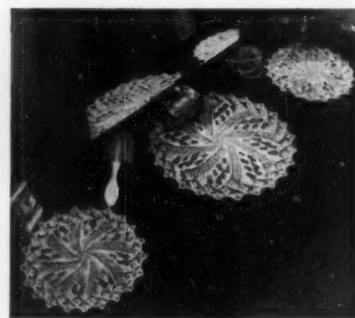
"If you are threatening me," said Helen with angelic calm and patience, "may I remind you that you have no witness to what I have just said?"

"Don't be afraid, I am neither God nor the law. I'm willing to leave you to those two. If one of them lets you slip through its fingers, I don't think the other will. You're condemned to death. What more can we ask? In any case, for Philip's sake, we couldn't touch you. We can only go on serving you dispassionately for the rest of your life, and feel — forgive me! — unspeakably relieved when you die. No, I'm not thinking of taking any action. I merely wondered how you did it."

In a matter-of-fact tone, without any embarrassment whatever, Helen told him. Her confidence was impermeable to shame or doubt. She knew she was justified.

"It was all very simple. Philip had shown me what to do. I was the first to go up to bed that Thursday evening, if you remember. I went straight to the bathroom and took a number of luminal tablets from the supply in the medicine cabinet. Nobody had used them for a long time and I felt sure nobody would know how many there ought to be. I held the bottle with a face tissue, so as not to touch it with my fingers. Then I went to bed. I knew Philip intended to work late, so he wasn't likely to disturb me for some time. When I was sure everyone else was asleep, I went down the back stairs. In the kitchen I melted a little gelatine and crushed the tablets and mixed them into it. I dropped the mixture into the base of the black coffee pot and the gelatine congealed very

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quickly on the cold porcelain. When it was set no one could have guessed there was anything different about the pot. But of course the hot coffee would melt it almost immediately.

"In the morning I myself got Philip's tray ready for the evening. There was nothing odd about that. Mary was used to my wanting to do things for him myself. The only odd thing is that I felt it to be necessary. He always used the same pot. I could have left it to Mary and everything would have happened in exactly the same way. But somehow I felt I couldn't leave anything to chance. And I went to London and gave my recital. That was my farewell to him. Everything I sang was chosen for him. But you wouldn't understand that. He drank his coffee and went to sleep with my image in his eyes and my voice in his ears. He died in his sleep, intact, at his peak. I say I saved him. You say I murdered him."

"What do you expect me to call it?"

said the doctor. "Euthanasia? What do you think Philip was, a sick domestic pet?"

"I loved him and I intended to keep him from violation."

"I think," said Dr. Benson, walking slowly onto the mossy stones of the bridge, "that you had better begin to feel the same preoccupation with your own conscience that you've felt hitherto with Philip's—before it's too late." And he turned his back abruptly upon her and crossed the bridge into the field. Helen stood for a moment and found herself staring into Bill's shocked face.

Bill had plucked himself out of Rachel's restraining hands and was standing on the bank, the branches of the trees quivering behind him. At the suddenness of the apparition Helen halted for a moment, for once at a disadvantage. She had not meant him to learn the truth in this way.

"Bill!" There was no need even to wonder how much he had overheard. It was all there in the stunned eyes. "I'm not afraid that you'll fail to understand, Bill," she said.

Helen had recovered herself. She started toward him, smiling gently, confidently, holding out her arms to him. She expected him to walk into that proffered embrace and allow himself to be calmed and comforted.

"Don't touch me!" cried Bill hoarsely, throwing up his arms as if to strike her hands away. "Don't come near me! You killed Philip! You!"

"Bill, darling! I know it's been a shock to you—" She waited, her arms still out, grieved but sure of her dominance.

"Keep off! Don't touch me! You're a devil! No, you can't be a devil. Devils know what they are and you don't even know! You think you're good! And you made us all think you good! What's the matter with us all? How do we come to have everything the wrong way up? When I think of the years I've adored you, and been dazzled by you, and taken you for a saint! You!"

His voice failed him for a moment and, dimly, through the thunder in his ears, he heard her appalled and pitying whisper, "Bill, my poor darling!" She was incurably sick. Nothing could penetrate her armour of complacency. He took a violent step toward her.

Helen's smile, which had not lost its confidence even before his last outburst, wavered at last. She recognized in Bill's convulsed and outraged face the end of her dominion. The sweep of his long young arm wiping the air before him as he crossed the bridge appeared to her the threat of a blow.

She uttered a whimpering cry, almost voiceless, as though pure surprise had paralyzed her vocal cords. Her hands went up to ward him off, thrusting at the air between them as though he had already halted yards short of touching her. She made a lame, stumbling leap back from him and her feet slithered in the wet moss at the edge of the bridge. She uttered a scream that echoed back from the curtain of trees and coursed along the swollen water. Bill gave a cry that echoed hers and sprang forward to try and catch her as she fell. But her silken sleeve ran through his fingers like rain. Then she was in the river, and, for a moment, swept under the strong current below the bridge.

Bill jumped over the edge of the bridge after her. He gathered her into his arms

and brought her laboriously to the bank, where Rachel helped him lift her up the slope of grass. He pulled off his wet jacket and make it into a pillow.

"Helen!" He shook her, chafed her cheeks and her hands, took her by the chin and turned her face to one side so that the water could run out of her lips. She did not stir.

Dr. Benson, coming down the field and over the bridge at a headlong run, saw the sliding green marks in the moss and knew the reason for the scream which had dragged him back from his car. The two young people were kneeling over Helen on the grass, the boy working hard at artificial respiration.

"She isn't breathing. It doesn't seem to have any effect," Bill said.

The doctor turned Helen's limp body over, drew down her arms and opened one eyelid with a finger tip.

"She can't have drowned," said Rachel, "there wasn't time. She wasn't in the water more than a minute or two. Bill went in after her like a flash."

"No, she didn't drown," Dr. Benson said. "It's a foregone conclusion that her heart couldn't stand up to a shock like that. Fright, the fall, and the cold plunge killed her."

Bill's teeth began to chatter uncontrollably. "It was my fault. I killed her!"

Rachel put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't be a fool. You never touched her and you never would have touched her. If you don't know it, I do. Don't you start deluding yourself. Leave that to the Helens! It wasn't from you she was trying to get away. It was from the mirror you held up to her. The face she saw was her own and not of your making. Don't start hiding behind a guilt you haven't a right to."

A momentary flash of angry dislike died out of his eyes as he looked at her. She, at least, was real. At times irritatingly so, but always reassuringly. Something like the gleam of a smile flashed across his face for a moment, and the first flush of natural color returned to his cheeks. He asked the doctor quietly, "What should we do about this? Must we tell the police? I suppose we must."

"My dear boy, that's a matter of simple justice to yourself and Mary, as well as the Renauds. Yes, the police will have to know. It needn't worry you, the case will never come into court now. There may not even have to be an inquest, if they're satisfied with your statements and mine. And I see no reason why they shouldn't be. The cause of death won't be in dispute. No, they'll probably be content to make it known that the Greville case is closed to their satisfaction."

He looked at them suddenly. "Go on, go and ring up the police. Tell them I'll wait here until they come."

Startled into obedience by the brusqueness of his tone, they turned at once and walked rapidly up the slippery lawns.

The doctor watched them go and the sight seemed to him infinitely reassuring. When he looked down again at the body of Helen it seemed already to have dwindled and grown more insubstantial.

"Well, you were always apt," he said to her, smiling wryly. "Your timing was always excellent. Here it is, the day after the funeral, and the widow in her deep mourning is drawn out of the river. What could be better? Accident? Well, perhaps! Heart failure? Maybe! Poor Mrs. Greville. Everybody knows how she adored that husband of hers. She died because she couldn't live without him!" ♦

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Jean: Washing my face. What did you think?

Me: With cream? Impossible!

Jean: Impossible! I should say *not*. It's wonderful!

Me: But you can't wash with cream . . . it's greasy!



2. Jean: Not *this* cream . . . it's Noxzema.

Me: Did you say Noxzema?

Jean: Here . . . I'll show you how you do it. Just splash on warm water . . . then apply Noxzema real generously...



5. Me: Well, if it's not greasy . . . is it drying?

Jean: No Ma'am! I can use Noxzema but I can't use soap. Y'see, Noxzema doesn't contain any skin drying ingredients like you get in soaps. In fact, it puts moisture *into* your skin. Anyway, my face never feels tight or dry anymore.



3. . . like this. And gently scrub with your wet face cloth just as if you were using soap.

Me: Doesn't it make your skin greasy?

Jean: Oh, no! Noxzema dissolves in water. When I rinse with water, it washes clean away.



6. Me: Gosh! I'd like to give it a try. Might help these enlarged pores!

Jean: Probably would. I use it as a night cream . . . it sure did wonders for me in getting rid of blemishes.

Me: Mmmmmmm . . . mm . . . you know it *does* feel all tingly and glowy. You've got a new convert, honey.



4. Now, feel my skin. Is it greasy?

Me: Why no! It feels soft and nice—really *looks* clean, too.

Jean: Sure. As the ads say, Noxzema teams up with water to float out dirt. It never clogs pores or leaves a film like greasy creams do.



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EDUCATION IS NOT EVERYONE'S BUSINESS

Continued from page 15

hard indeed and to do so willingly. Perhaps not quite as hard as the Russian children but very nearly. After all, they are almost certainly better fed, better clothed and better housed than the Russians. They should therefore be able to make almost as great an effort without injury to health or happiness.

Again, assuming, as we all hope, that we have a chance of survival without falling into war, we had better see to it that some of these children be helped to associate the accumulated wisdom of the past with the fresh and valuable insights of the present so that they may carry on and improve upon the not very successful efforts of the present generation to accept the fact that we live not only in Canada (with the "bright economic future") but in a world which is now one world. "Experience," says a provincial commission on Organization and Curriculum, "is the best teacher—indeed, it is the only teacher."

Very true. Our children have at their disposal the experience of western society which for some two thousand years has honestly struggled with the problem—to put it in modern terms—of "how to get along with people." Their school years are not long enough for them to take advantage of all this experience, but with very hard work they might get something from it. They will need all that they can get.

There are a few urgent questions that face us and that, whether we like it or not, are being settled in one way or another. There always has been and there always will be argument about education. Should the schools concentrate on character, on "pure" intellect, on preserving community traditions, on economic efficiency? And if on all four, are there priorities, and do they differ for different children, and may one or more of these aims be achieved by and through the others?

These are perennial and general questions. They must be constantly debated in relation to the changing character and needs of society. At the present moment we are faced with specific questions of obvious and urgent importance. In an economy based on scientific knowledge and technical skill we are not producing enough good scientists and technicians. Is this due to an overemphasis on the arts and the humanities, or is it indicative of intellectual slackness in every aspect of education? If it is agreed that the top 20, or 30, or 40 percent of pupils could work harder and achieve more, how can they be induced to do so?

What can be done with able students in university who fail because they have no incentive to work? What can be done with less than able pupils in high school who cannot profit from instruction and who absorb yearly tens of thousands of teacher hours at a time when there is an acute shortage of teachers? What can be done to persuade all those with suitable minds and personalities (there are not enough for our needs) to go into teaching and to stay there? What can be done with the incompetents who, because of the shortage, are being, every year, admitted to the profession?

I have written elsewhere of the strange

notion of "professionalism" prevailing among Canadian educators. It never ceases to baffle me. The essence of professionalism surely is the recognition of the fact that members of learned professions possess such highly specialized and yet essential knowledge that the public must accept their dictates with trust that they will not abuse the confidence placed in them. If education is a profession on a par with medicine and law, what were the educators doing at the Ottawa conference? Eight hundred people, representing any number of callings, sponsored by business and industry, gathered under the chairmanship of a most distinguished surgeon to deal with a crisis in education. When the Canadian Medical Association goes into a tail spin will it call in the lawyers, teachers, and businessmen and invite a university professor (no matter how distinguished) to take the chair? Not in our lifetime.

How proud I would have been of my profession if Canadian educators, administrators and teachers from all levels, had summoned a small conference with a manageable program and produced an unambiguous statement after this pattern: "This is what we mean by education today; this is how it can be achieved; these are the possibilities of success and these are the dangers; this is what we can do with so much money, and that is what we could do with more; and here are the problems that we are working on and for which at the moment we see no solution." And if they could go on: "In the present crisis this is the minimum and this the maximum program for action. If the public will grant only less than the minimum, we must resign and let others take over."

This would be the attitude of a true professional, of a good lawyer, or a good doctor who respects himself and his client too much to accept amateur dictation. But those engaged in formal education have not yet achieved this admirable professionalism. The accepted theme of the conference was "Education is everybody's business!" Like the child-centred school and the sacred right of self-expression there is just enough truth in this to be really dangerous when handed about as a popular slogan. And why was this slogan chosen at this time? Was it because those primarily and inescapably responsible for the business of education fear that they may be accused of failure and even of neglect?

All of these things I thought before I went to the conference. What I learned there, if it did not change my mind, did enlarge my vision and alter my perspective. I must confess that my simple and heroic proposals for dealing with the crisis began to appear exactly that—heroic, but a little too simple. I still think it does small credit to the professionalism of the teaching profession that it seemed to require a vast and unwieldy gathering to give it the courage, the confidence and the energy to put its house in order. I am still convinced that the answers to all the hard problems must be hammered out by small specialized groups of people who have great knowledge and experience.

What I had not seen was that workers must not only earn professional status; it must be granted to them. Not only does the Canadian public still distrust some of its educational leaders; it is perhaps not yet quite prepared to follow any leaders if the path becomes too rough and too steep. In other words, no

matter who may be to blame, soft pedagogy, cheap education and a kind of scornful tolerance for teachers of all kinds have become a part of our social pattern.

Even those parents who are sincere in wishing to raise educational standards might not agree altogether joyfully to double the salary of a teacher whose duty it will be to make their carefree sons and daughters not only work but even worry a little. It may be necessary (to adapt the metaphor) to convince the Dominion Day excursion that the pleasure boat is really on the rocks before the passengers will consent to launch the lifeboat. At the moment a group of hardheaded businessmen is carrying on an advertising campaign designed to make the public aware of two simple and basic truths: that educational costs are rising rapidly and that we need more teachers.

If this is really necessary, and I assume it is, it was, no doubt, naïve of me to suppose that the Canadian public is sufficiently informed on educational matters not only to allow but to insist that those whose business it is to teach take complete charge of the business of teaching.

Certainly nothing that I have learned at the conference has uprooted my ancient prejudices against "workshops" and professional jargon. My previous suspicions about the way in which many of the "findings" of workshops are found have been amply confirmed, and listening one morning for two long hours and more to workshop reports I could exclaim with Eliza Doolittle, "Words, words, words . . . There isn't one I haven't heard." There wasn't. We had them all—the intellectual, social, moral, spiritual and physical needs, the whole child, the total environment, the meaningful experiences.

And yet even the workshops gave me a meaningful and rewarding experience (jargon is a contagious disease) because my small section at least witnessed a kind of revolt in the intellectuals. One teacher after another asserted that the function of the school was intellectual, that matters of the mind were central, and that the curriculum for all normal children should be planned on this principle.

This plain speaking was encouraged, no doubt, by the tone of those who addressed the conference in its plenary sessions. The recurring theme was the need for scholarly teachers of warm and inspiring personalities, able to work very hard and to induce others to work very hard, encouraged to remain in the profession not from love alone but by more adequate pay and prestige. Hard words for the public, perhaps, but heartening to many who heard in stunned amazement of a country called Russia where a teacher enjoys such prestige that he gets the best table in a restaurant and, one must suppose, such pay as will enable him to make a suitable response.

Talking of Russia, I met two young men at the conference, a Czech and a Dane, one a journalist, the other a statistician. Each one had received a typical "good" education by European standards. Each one conveyed politely but without ambiguity that he found our educational activities childish. There wasn't much to say. I could only hope that if education must be everybody's business, everybody will wake up and launch that lifeboat soon. ♦

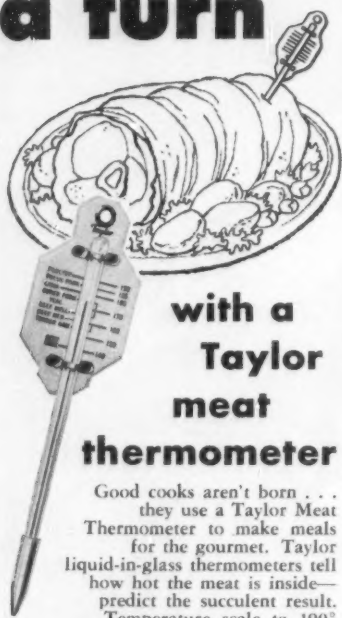
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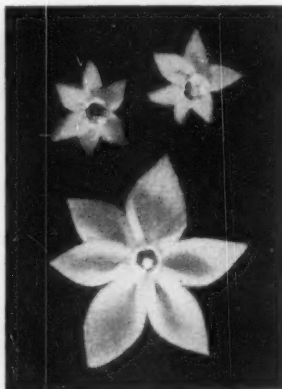
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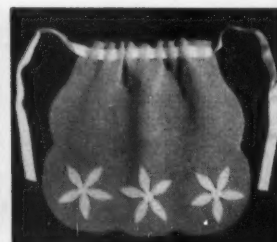
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A special adhesive to use for work with plastic foam. No. C361. Tube, approximately 3/4 ounce, is 35 cents.



DARBY AND JOAN—doll pair made from a sock. Kit includes sock, felt clippings for trim, instructions for both dolls. Fun gift for teen-agers. No. C353, 50 cents.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Sorry, no COD orders.



CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helps You Clean House

Prevent kitchen fires

If you're deep-fat frying: choose a well-balanced, flat-bottomed pan. Fill it no more than half full of fat, and watch closely to prevent overheating. Drain and dry foods well before frying (unless they're to be coated with batter). Too much wet food can cause a spillover and fire if it is lowered quickly into hot fat. Fry only small amounts at a time.

Don't store grease-filled pans in ovens or broilers. They can be easily forgotten and, when oven elements or burners are turned on, may catch fire. If a grease fire does occur, smother the flames with a metal cover or sprinkle generously with salt or baking soda. Never use water—it will only spread the flames. Better still keep a portable carbon dioxide or foam fire extinguisher close at hand. A kitchen-size fire extinguisher is sold for as little as \$1.59.

Ice cubes help ironers

Keep one or two ice cubes at hand in a saucer when you iron cottons and linens. Small dried-out spots that won't iron smooth can be quickly redampened by rubbing them with the ice.

Spring-clean your car

Cheer the family by cleaning the inside of your car before starting this spring's jaunts. First, brush upholstery and floor covering with a stiff brush to remove heavy dirt. Next, use your vacuum-cleaner attachment on an extension cord and go over the upholstery and floor again. Press the attachment well into cracks and crevices. Wipe stained fabric seat covers with a good nonflammable (perchloroethylene) cleaning fluid used sparingly.

NOTE: On foam-rubber-padded upholstery or on rubber-backed floor coverings use a thick sudsy upholstery shampoo or thick detergent suds rather than cleaning fluid. Chemicals in regular cleaning fluids will cause foam rubber to deteriorate.

To clean plastic, leather and imitation-leather upholstery, wipe first with a dry cloth. Apply a thin film of paste wax over a small area at a time, using a damp cloth. Rub to loosen dirt and fold the cloth from time to time to a clean section. Polish with a clean, dry cloth. The paste wax improves appearance, and on plastic material also prevents static electricity.

Paint-free rims

Here's how to keep paint cans easy to open. As soon as you open a new can, and before stirring, cover the rim with adhesive tape that has a fabric backing. When you've finished painting

pull off the tape and clamp the cover back onto the clean paint-free rim.

Another painting tip: look for the inexpensive, disposable, pressed-paper paint pails now available.

Know your paint removers

Old paint, varnish and shellac stains on fabrics cannot be removed, so clean fresh spots before they dry. Use turpentine to remove paint and varnish, and denatured alcohol for shellac stains.

Soak stained areas on washable fabrics immediately in turpentine or denatured alcohol for about fifteen minutes, rubbing the fibre gently once or twice. Follow by immediately washing in sudsy water.

To remove stains from nonwashable fabrics, fold several thicknesses of clean, absorbent cloth and place under the stained area. Moisten another cloth with turpentine or denatured alcohol, and sponge lightly, working from outside toward centre. To avoid a ring, use a dry cloth or soft brush and blend the edges of the sponged area into the unstained area.

For stains on carpets or rugs, apply turpentine or denatured alcohol with an eye dropper and sponge from outside toward the centre. Then sponge with a dry-cleaning fluid in the same manner.

Quick paint cleanup

Nail-polish remover is a quick substitute for turpentine to remove paint, varnish or shellac from your hands.

Cleaning-cupboard safety

Store polishes, cleaners and insecticides in a cool place. A warm closed-in cupboard may cause dangerous fumes to form in some containers. These can poison you when you open the container and breathe them in.

Oily mops and used waxing or polishing cloths are fire hazards, so store them in a tin with a lid when not in use. Avoid letting too many accumulate. Burn badly soiled oily cloths out of doors.

First aid for furniture

For small scratches, nicks or mars try one of the new blemish removers now on the market. Choose from a variety of colors to suit your wood finish. They'll help conceal but will not, of course, completely disguise gouges or bad nicks. Light scratches on varnished wood can sometimes be covered by rubbing with an oily nutmeat, such as walnut or pecan, cut in half. Iodine will often conceal a scratch on dark-colored wood.

Any severe damage or penetration of the wood should receive professional treatment. ♦

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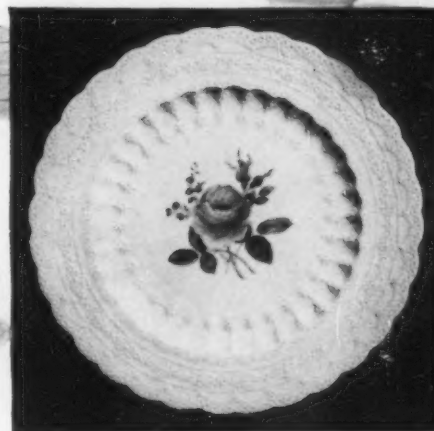


1. Spray cleaned article evenly, keeping container 18-in. from surface.
2. Also spray closet or box in which articles will be stored.

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WIZARD **PUSH-BUTTON**
HOME DEODORIZER

CANADIAN SOCIETY

Continued from page 20

big slate-roofed houses, and with the certain feeling of being part of the group that counted, were caught up in the mass migration from small to large communities that started with the war. Local prestige has never been portable. When a member of an old-guard Loyalist family from Saint John arrived in Toronto, he was reduced to being one of a multitude of newcomers. To thicken still further the social confusion, the post-war years featured a flight to the big package suburbs. In the determined anonymity of an Applewood Acres, a lot of good names were mislaid.

Confused by this state of affairs, many people lost their place, as it were, in society. Welfare and cultural organizations which were once the preserve of the old families had to open their doors to willing (and moneyed) newcomers to handle vastly increased work loads—and budgets. By association, the newcomers improved their social status, and many members of the elite became so ex officio.

From coast to coast the upper middle class has grown in size and influence during the postwar years. University campuses are the recruiting ground for this class. For many Canadians wartime service, not their parents' bank balance, made university training possible. With no social stigma attached to summer employment (quite the reverse since the beginning of the war), the post-veteran group can work its way through college and still be eligible for the social advantages of sorority or fraternity membership. In possession of university degrees and ambition, young Canadians (no matter what their pedigree) have a good chance of attaining power and influence (and accompanying social prestige).

With more and more university degrees around in all regions, with oil as a lubricant to cultural and social activities in the prairie provinces and with enough money in British Columbia to finance an Edinburgh-type festival of the arts, many social distinctions between east and west have been ironed out. The Maritime

provinces have always had the social assets of age and a Loyalist in the family tree. Central Canada had money (and a past of sorts). Now the west is competing with the east on quite even terms in a national society as well as in football.

Regina had its first debutante ball in history early last winter. Several years earlier, Edmontonians and Calgarians had arranged the same service for their daughters. Both Calgary and Winnipeg have revived winter assembly dances at which Hartnells and Diors go unnoticed (almost). Vancouver hostesses stage-manage the biggest parties in the country. What plagues western society is the regular winter migration of many members to Mexico, California, Hawaii and Hong Kong. After Christmas, it's hard to get a quorum for cocktails in any city west of the Great Lakes.

Some of the most frenetic travelers are also the busiest hostesses when they're home. For sheer volume of entertaining, Vancouver's Mrs. Ronald Graham (who came from Hamilton seventeen years ago) easily outdistances all other Canadian hostesses in a qualifying round for a national social register. During a single week last December, Mrs. Graham threw open her twenty-three-room house on Marine Drive to the visiting Royal Ballet (a cocktail party), members of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra who, together with wives and friends, totaled two hundred and fifty (a supper dance), five hundred young people (a ball in the recreation room), the wives of the 15th Field Artillery Regiment (cocktails) and five hundred friends (a cocktail party). Then the Grahams rushed off to start pre-Christmas entertaining in their winter house in Banff.

Mrs. Frank McMahon, the former Betty Betz, a U.S. cartoonist-columnist for teen-agers, travels with her oil-and-gas tycoon husband for at least half of the year. When the McMahons are in Calgary, they think nothing of turning part of their house into a corral for a birthday party. Just as casually, the Edmonton MacCoshams, whose business is moving furniture, fly in P.E.I. oysters during Christmas week to perk up the flagging palates of five hundred guests in a ballroom of the MacDonald Hotel. The New Year's Eve parties of the Fred Mendels, who arrived in Saskatoon from Europe at the beginning of the war, are famous all over the west. The Mendels' several hundred guests enjoy not only a massive buffet supper but also a priceless collection of paintings. When Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gardner of Winnipeg entertain their friends in the Crystal Ballroom of the Fort Garry Hotel, they insist that the orchestra join the guests in wearing white ties.

Not just in the west, but all across the country, the railway hotels are now as important to local social life as the railway was to the settlement of every region. From St. John's to Victoria, these hotels now take the place of the big houses. They allow the old guard to keep up appearances and the newcomers to make an appearance. No matter how peculiar these CNR or CPR chateaux may look in their Canadian settings, they have the kind of gold-tasseled splendor that makes any occasion formal.

Only Montreal society is presided over by a dowager hotel without railroad connections. It's the Ritz (never its full name, the Ritz Carlton). In the provision of a friendly clublike atmosphere (pro-

viding you belong to the club), the Ritz is matched only by the CPR's vast seignior at Montebello, Que., between Montreal and Ottawa on the north shore of the Ottawa River. Over the Seignior Club's one-hundred-odd lake-studded miles, some eleven hundred members (about a quarter of them from the U.S.) take their expensive leisure. Since new members must be sponsored by old ones, the Seignior population can be controlled as carefully as the fish in the streams are renewed each year from the club's own hatcheries.

For that large part of Montreal society which can't manage membership in the Seignior Club, there is consolation in the fact that Murray Bay on the Saguenay is both accessible and fashionable. In New Brunswick it's still St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. Although Chester, N.S., has largely lapsed as a watering spot for the New England wealthy, it's still a very good summer address for nearby Haligonians. In Prince Edward Island, you don't have to leave home to go to the seashore. But in Newfoundland, St. John's residents are pleased to leave their view of the Atlantic for neighboring Murray's Pond.

The big old houses on Toronto's Centre Island, which once were a fashionable refuge from the summer heat, have long since been rented out to roomers and are now being torn down. The long trip to the big houses north of Huntsville is now the thing to do, unless you keep a boat tied up at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Like Torontonians and Ottawans, Winnipeggers also ply their big cruisers through the network of lakes that are conveniently close to home. In Saskatchewan the big summer homes are at Waskesiu. Jasper and Banff in Alberta have views spectacular enough and hotels expensive enough to attract an international set. In British Columbia there are enough coves and inlets along the coast to make a boat more fun (as well as more fashionable) than a summer place.

Canadian society also has its serious side. A lot of carefully maintained tans are expected to turn up at Community Chest meetings, in hospital canteens, and in booths at rummage sales for symphony orchestras. And they do. For their volunteer work on behalf of community and national organizations, a few Canadian families have earned prominent positions in society and sustained them. They fall conveniently into categories according to the husbands' occupations. The merchant families, the Woodwards of Vancouver, the R. H. Williams of Regina, the Ottawa Freimans, and the Bowrings, Ayres and MacPhersons of St. John's are not all owners of the department stores that still have their names, but they continue to be well known for good works. Names that appear on the boards of innumerable companies, such as the Outerbridges of St. John's, the Mackays of Rothesay, N.B., the Drummonds of Montreal and the Richardsons of Winnipeg, also keep recurring on the executives of charitable, cultural and educational institutions. The legal profession, represented by the MacKeens of Halifax, the Aikins of Winnipeg, the Martins in Regina and the McQuaigs of Edmonton, has played an important part, not only in the political history of regions but also in the cultural and social development of communities. Similarly, the newspaper families, the Siftons, Southams and McConnells have

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used their influence on behalf of the arts as well as political parties. Equally beneficent are the families who own the breweries: the Olands in Halifax, the Montreal Molsons, the Labatts of London and the Cross clan in Calgary.

Those are the names that rarely appear in print, except in connection with a cause they've been loaned to. They're the same names as appear on the membership lists of those men's clubs that operate in each city and which are so exclusive as to make the Junior League seem, by comparison, as open as the YWCA. The most ardent social climber can't push her husband through such solid doors as protect the St. John's City Club, the Calgary Ranchmen's, the Toronto or the Victoria Union.

But in the Canadian society of 1958, many wives of young men who belong to those clubs don't talk about it much. The young men's bosses aren't eligible to belong. A young woman who wants her husband to be successful and, on the way, to achieve her own social ambitions, is well advised to work her way up through a few high-prestige organizations. If she went to one of the private schools (the most "correct" ones are Bishop Spencer in St. John's; Netherhill in Rothesay, N.B.; Edgehill in Windsor, N.S.; Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's in Montreal, and King's Hall, Compton, in the Eastern Townships; Havergal, Bishop Strachan or Elmwood in Ontario; Balmoral Hall in Winnipeg or Crofton House, and Norfolk House in B.C.), she's sure to find a friend in the Junior League who can sponsor her for membership. She'll have to work hard in the league's pioneer welfare projects. Mrs. Rex Parker, for example, probably put in more work hours on behalf of the Junior League of Toronto than are expended by most presidents of male service clubs. There's another disadvantage to league membership: a lot of bosses' wives aren't eligible to join. It may be more sensible for a young matron to join one of the women's committees of an art gallery, symphony orchestra or museum. That way, she'll be introduced to the city's elite and also have a rare opportunity for meeting members of the Jewish community (in Montreal, she'll also meet her French neighbors).

In some parts of the country, a young couple whose backgrounds are fairly unclouded but who have little money can get "in" socially by investing in a horse. One young matron, having returned to Toronto after a decade's absence in a western city, found herself on nobody's list. To while away the unsociable hours, she and her husband bought a horse—not much of a horse—and entered it in one of the events of the Royal Winter Fair horse show. The animal won no prizes but didn't make a fool of itself. And its owners were promptly deluged with invitations from friends who suddenly realized that they were back.

For those who don't care for horses and who can accept the fact that those who aren't born or married into the upper upper old guard will never make it during their husbands' lifetime (whereupon a social convention makes them eligible only for pouring tea), there is another goal to shoot for in the country's two largest cities. A small café society now exists in both Toronto and Montreal. The only qualifications necessary for membership are money to meet the bill at the end of the evening and the energy to go out every night of the week. But it's a trouble to get tickets for every first-



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night performance and no respectable member of café society would be seen on any other night.

In most Canadian cities, there is a small group which Russell Lynes, the U. S. observer of social trends, would place in "Upper Bohemia." Composed of artists, professors, entertainers, writers and so forth, this group is admitted by the front door in all neighborhoods. But invitations to the best addresses are good only on the night that is specified and Bohemian guests had better bring their music or keep their wits polished if they want to be asked back.

The best geographical location for social advancement in the country is the federal capital. Here the confusion of national society is most plainly apparent. Ottawa, which used to be the most determinedly snobbish of Canadian cities, has never recovered from its wartime invasion of people from all over the country. Many of these people, whose pedigree was unknown to the locals, had positions of power. Strange faces appeared, not only at the Rideau and Country clubs (formerly inviolate) but even at Government House. When the war was over, a lot of these people didn't go home. As the government grew, so did the number and size of foreign missions. The big houses, which lumber fortunes built along the river and in Sandy Hill, bloomed with the flags of foreign embassies. And only the Secretary of State's office could be counted on to know who should be sitting where at banquets and dinners.

Another crushing blow to old Ottawa society was the appointment of a Canadian governor-general. When earls and baronets occupied Rideau Park, Government House lists were documents of immense social importance. They were small then (and some of the names at the top were the same as such principal streets as Sparks, O'Connor, Bronson and Carling). By the time Mr. Massey moved into the big house, the lists were growing with the speed of government departments. Now Government House garden parties are as crowded as the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds on Labor Day.

Having suffered through two social revolutions, Ottawans witnessed a third on June 10, 1957. As sides were shifted on Parliament Hill, a new set of hostesses took over Ottawa society. Last winter was gayer than most. With Mrs. Diefenbaker busily holding dinners and opening bazaars, the wives of cabinet ministers were permitted to be vastly more social than was discreet for their predecessors. As long as Madame St. Laurent kept a quiet drawing room, the wives of her husband's colleagues had to act accordingly. At the 1958 spring party in aid of the Ottawa Philharmonic, intermission entertainment is provided by the most prominent local "names." Selection of this year's cast will have to wait on the outcome of the federal election.

The confusion of Ottawa society is a close-up picture of Canadian society as a whole. A few years ago, the Toronto editor, B. K. Sandwell, observed:

Let the Old World, where rank's yet vital,

Part those who have and have not title, Toronto has no social classes—

Only the Masseys and the masses.

What was true then for Toronto applies now to the nation. In the current situation, a Canadian social register is as outdated as a doily in the living room. ♦

FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS



Canada hasn't beaten TB yet

A child or adolescent is as likely to, catch this disease as he was ten years ago, though he's less likely to die of it

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

WE shouldn't delude ourselves. Tuberculosis is still quite common in Canada. There are far fewer deaths, thanks to modern treatment, but the number of active cases each year is not decreasing nearly as quickly. For example, from 1947 to 1956, TB deaths in Ontario dropped sixty-two percent but the number of patients admitted to TB hospitals increased twenty-two percent, just about keeping pace with the increase in population. In the whole of Canada, 9,131 new cases were admitted to hospital in 1956. This does not count the large number of patients who had to be readmitted because their disease had become active again.

Thus your child—from babyhood to young adulthood—still needs protection from TB. The best protection is, of course, prevention; second best is early detection.

Bovine and human TB

We can be infected by two types of tuberculosis germs, bovine (spread through unpasteurized milk or cream from infected cattle) and the human tubercle bacillus. If you see to it that you and your family NEVER drink unpasteurized milk (don't rely on raw milk from tested cows, they may become infected between tests) you will avoid the bovine form. At present only Ontario and Saskatchewan make it illegal to sell raw milk. If only raw milk is available to you, bringing it to the boil will make it safe. Or use evaporated milk or dry milk powder.

The far commoner cause of TB is the human bacillus, spread by people

who have the disease in active form. (As you know, many healthy people have what might be called "inactive" TB. That is, at some time in their lives, they picked up the infection but their bodies resisted it strongly and sealed off the germs before they had a chance to multiply to any extent. In other words they have a tuberculous infection but not tuberculous disease. There is no danger of infection from them, unless of course later on the germs break out of their "sealed" pocket and active TB develops. This happens in approximately four percent of such people.)

TB can be spread with tragic ease, because people who have it in active form are often completely unaware of it. Generally it reveals few or no symptoms until it is well advanced. The commonest type in adolescents and adults involves the lungs, so that coughing, sneezing, spitting, even kissing may spread the germs. These can remain alive in a house—usually on the floor—for weeks.

Thus you can see how vital it is for everyone to cover coughs and sneezes, preferably with a tissue to be flushed immediately down the toilet or burned. Spitting should also be done only into a toilet or tissue. Another precaution is to wash your hands frequently, and see that your children do.

How tuberculin tests work

Within three to seven weeks of first being infected with TB the whole body becomes sensitized to the tubercle bacilli and their products and probably remains so for life. In the



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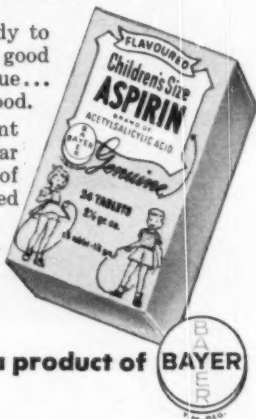


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tuberculin test, a small amount of sterile material is injected into the skin. This material is either an extract or protein derivative of TB germs. It contains no live germs and, of course, as used in these tests the material is completely harmless. If the patient has been infected with tuberculosis at any time in his life, the site of the injection will become firm and swollen two to three days later. This is a positive tuberculin test. It does not necessarily mean that the patient has active disease.

If a baby develops a positive tuberculin test there is almost always someone with the active disease in his home. His doctor and the public health authorities are thus alerted to test all the people with whom the child is in contact—the family, a boarder, a frequent visitor to the home, a maid, and even the baby sitter.

To help safeguard your baby, arrange to have your helper or baby sitter given a tuberculin test. If it is positive, get her to have a chest X-ray to rule out active tuberculosis. Usually you can have this done at a free tuberculosis clinic. You should pay her for the time it takes and for any expense involved. You are not being fussy when you insist on this. Of course your private physician can do the tuberculin tests, and they are also available at general hospitals and at well-baby clinics in some parts of the country.

In fact in every case where TB is discovered, whether in a child or adult, the family and all close associates should be tuberculin tested. Even if their first tuberculin test is negative, they should have another in about two months, since it takes this time for sensitivity to develop after the first infection.

Because of our awareness today of the dangers of radiation, tuberculin tests are growing in favor, especially for general checkups. While the amount of radiation from a chest X-ray is small, it is a fact that it is best not to be exposed to any unnecessary radiation. As long as the tuberculin test is negative, no X-ray is needed. Should it become positive, a thorough physical examination and regular chest X-rays are required to see if there is active tuberculous disease.

TB varies in children

Most babies who have been infected with TB show no symptoms of the disease at the time. (You only know they have been infected because they have a positive tuberculin test.) Unfortunately a few of them, usually within the next six months, will develop either of two very dangerous types of tuberculous disease. These are miliary tuberculosis, where the germs are broadcast all through the body, and tuberculous meningitis. Twenty years ago medical science was unable to cope with these diseases. Now at least eighty-five percent can be saved with energetic and well-directed treatment. However the earlier they are detected, the better are the baby's chances, so infants and young children who have positive tuberculin tests should receive frequent and thorough medical examinations.

Children's hospitals have been giving tuberculin tests to their inpatients for years, and now usually give them to outpatients as well. Children under twelve years of age very rarely develop the adult-type of lung disease. The lung disease they get is different and they may

also develop tuberculosis in the neck glands, bones, intestines and almost anywhere else in the body.

The adolescent and early adult years are still the most usual for TB to appear. We can't be sure why it increases at adolescence. Probably the spurt of growth combined with insufficient sleep, poor eating habits, increased contact with people generally, and endocrine changes all play a part.

Do be sure that your teen-agers get sufficient rest and good food. Dr. Joseph A. Johnson, the pediatrician-in-chief of the large Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, has shown that tuberculin-positive adolescents (that is those who have picked up the infection earlier in childhood) who regularly eat meals containing plenty of calcium and protein (meat, cheese, milk, eggs) are less likely to develop the active disease than those who do not.

As children get older their chances of being exposed to tuberculosis increase, especially in a large city. Recent small surveys have shown that ten percent of fifteen-year-olds living in large Ontario cities have a positive tuberculin test; at twenty years about twenty percent were positives; at thirty-five, fifty percent; and at sixty, seventy-five percent. In rural areas and towns positive reactions are much lower.

Some doctors believe that tuberculin tests should be given to children every one or two years. Children with positive tests should be physically examined, X-rayed, and watched carefully, right through adolescence and early adulthood, when active TB is likeliest to develop.

Should you take BCG?

BCG vaccine, which is given much in the same manner as smallpox vaccine, can reduce very greatly an individual's chances of developing tuberculosis. A recent large study with fourteen-year-olds in England has again clearly demonstrated its effectiveness. First tested in France in the 1920s, in Canada BCG vaccine has so far mainly been used for persons especially exposed to TB.

For example, nurses in training and medical students with negative tuberculin tests are offered the vaccine and it should be given to babies or children living in homes where someone has had TB or in areas where TB is particularly prevalent.

It is a safe and valuable preventive, and if your doctor wants to use it, you would be very foolish to refuse it for your children or yourself. ♦

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Eue for creepers

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When I was a girl my mother told me that carrots would make my hair curl. "Taint so," say those in the know! But carrots do provide an excellent source of vitamin A value—which is good for the skin as well as baby's vision and bone development.

Feature story of the month

(CASE OF THE FLAVORFUL CARROTS)

Know how that famous Gerber quality is come by? It's the result of over 25 years of research and baby food specialization. For example: In a recent experiment, 30 different varieties of carrots were grown to find the best flavor and color. All were individually processed and then sampled by taste experts to insure a better-finished product. For when it comes to babies . . . mothers and Gerber agree . . . it's quality first.



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Got a night-owl baby who doesn't get into dreamland easily? 2 tricks that may help with the sandman:

Instead of a full meal at 6 P. M., try a split feeding. Cereal and strained food, say at 5 P. M.—custard and a full bottle at 7 P. M.

Interim time can be playtime with dad. At tuck-in time, baby will be comfortably full, pleasantly tired.

Big delight for a small dish

I'm talking about Gerber Protein Cereal Food that's made such a hit with babies and toddlers. It has a toasted, nut-like flavor that's both delicate and distinctive—and the famous creamy-smooth Gerber texture. For increased nutritive value, it has a 35% protein content—derived from oats, wheat, soybeans and yeast. Like all Gerber cereals it's vitamin- and mineral enriched and ready to serve with formula or milk.



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- Softie prevents and *actually* clears up diaper rash.
- Softie is recommended and used by many leading Canadian hospitals and pediatricians.



Ask your Druggists for **SOFTIE** in the new 32 ounce family bottle

DO WE NEED MIDWIVES IN CANADA? — YES

Continued from page 17

abnormal, she is the complete antithesis of her historical forbear.

The reason for the difference in the British and North American conceptions of midwifery lies in the medical history of the last sixty years. In the nineteenth century, on both sides of the Atlantic, babies were mainly delivered by midwives without official training. Some of them undoubtedly performed their duties well, but many performed them miserably. The medical professions of both countries sought solutions to this problem. In the United States and Canada, midwives were in various ways discouraged from practicing and eventually they were all but stamped out. In Britain—and in many parts of the Continent—doctors decided to accept midwives and encourage them to improve their abilities through training and supervision.

In 1902, the British Parliament passed the first Midwives Act. It created the Central Midwives' Board to supervise and certify midwives.

In this way, the British made "midwife" an accepted, professional term, legally authorized by the government—as "doctor" or "lawyer" is in this country.

In 1936 the revised Midwives Act brought Britain a large step forward by creating a municipal midwives' service. This brought midwives, who had previously been on their own, under the local governments. It provided them with salaries and made midwifery a secure profession for the first time in history. In 1946, the National Health Service Act made the attendance of midwives, like doctors, free to all residents of the United Kingdom.

Now England has a Royal College of Midwives, a Midwife Teachers' Training College, and a Midwife Teachers' Diploma. From all over the world—even, lately, from the United States—women come to England to be trained in midwifery. British midwives, like missionaries, have spread the knowledge of their profession through special midwifery schools as far afield as Formosa and Indonesia. Recently, in the United States, three centres have been set up, with some British help, to train midwives for use in places where doctors are unavailable.

To become a midwife, a woman in Britain must study one year after becoming a registered nurse or two years if she is not a nurse. In the one-year course, which is more common, she spends her first six months in a maternity hospital. She observes at least three deliveries and then handles at least ten under supervision. For the second six-months period, as student-midwife, she goes out "on the district," visiting homes with an experienced midwife. She also works in prenatal clinics under supervision. She is then ready to handle most maternal problems confidently. Her pride in her profession makes her learn more and more about her work. She is given great responsibility, and her place in the system of British public health is accepted as an important one.

Since its beginnings fifty-six years ago, the Central Midwives' Board has constantly been raising the standards of British midwifery. At the same time, Britain's infant-mortality rate has dropped

sharply. In 1905 in England, 138 of every 1,000 live births resulted in the baby's death. In the last accounting, a year ago, the rate was down to 24.9. Canada's rate for 1956 was 32. The fact that 88.4 percent of Canadian births take place in hospitals, as opposed to only about 20 percent in England, makes these figures even more revealing.

In Canada, there is no midwife tradition, and at the moment there is nowhere that a woman can be trained as a midwife. Should we set up such a training centre—or series of training centres—in the hope of eventually bringing down our infant-mortality rates? I think so. After studying the related problems both in Britain and in Canada, I've come to the conclusion that midwives could fit helpfully into the Canadian scene.

Part of the barrier against midwife training lies in Canadians' belief that a doctor must, at all costs, be present at the birth of a child. Canadians become frantic, almost hysterical, if he is not. When a baby is imminent in Canada, one of the main worries of the mother, the father, and the nurses centres on the appearance of the doctor: will he get there in time?

This constantly recurring suspense story causes even the nurses to panic if the baby begins to arrive before the doctor. Sometimes they call on the senior intern at the hospital to deliver the baby; sometimes they can find another experienced doctor in the building. But sometimes birth is "held back," either by physical means or by anesthetics, until the doctor can get there. This is now forbidden in many hospitals, but it has not altogether died out and its physical effects on the mother and baby make it extremely dubious medical practice.

The delivery may have been the doc-

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DISINFECTS AS IT CLEANS!

tor's main service in the days when he was called on at the time of the birth and then paid off as he left the house. But today the true value of the modern obstetrician lies in the prenatal and post-natal care he can give. At the actual time of birth the mother's confidence should be rooted not in the doctor alone but in herself, in the good prenatal care she has had, and in the experienced team that attends her and of which she is a member.

If Canadian mothers knew how capable midwives can be, perhaps the feeling of superstition that still surrounds the word would disappear. Many of them are learning, because in some Canadian hospitals there are new European-trained midwives working in the maternity wings. Many mothers who have been lucky enough to have had one of these women helping in labor will testify to the confidence inspired by such an efficient and capable person.

The human, emotional needs of a woman in labor are often disregarded in the impersonal routine of the hospital, but these women rarely overlook such factors. They are calm and patient, and they know what the mother expects of them. An imminent birth will not alarm them. They can calm the fears of a first-time mother, encourage an old hand, and convince a doctor that his patient is in capable hands.

In the last ten years the attitude of many Canadian doctors toward these women has subtly changed from one of suspicion to one of mild approval and even, sometimes, gratitude. One British-trained midwife in a Toronto maternity ward feels that in the nine years she has worked there the doctors have learned to respect her background — she delivered 1,500 babies in England—and to count on her training. In the beginning they regarded her as just another nurse. Now they realize that she can confidently offset the impression of impatience that a busy doctor often gives a mother.

The system under which women like this have been trained involves close, intimate co-operation between the midwife and the doctor. Eighty percent of British births still take place in the mothers' homes under midwives, even though mothers can, if they wish, choose to enter a hospital. (In neither case does it cost anything.)

A British woman who intends to have her baby under midwife care registers, early in her pregnancy, at a clinic in her district. She sees a doctor in the early stages and probably several times later on. In any case she sees the midwife she has chosen once a month for the first three months, then twice a month, then once a week for the last few weeks. The mother also attends prenatal classes directed by midwives in which she learns relaxation techniques and, in some cases, baby care. By this time she has come to know the midwife she has "booked," and in the months ahead she will come to know her very well. If it is possible—and it usually is — the same midwife works with the mother through all the stages of prenatal care, through delivery, and for two to four weeks after birth (when a public-health nurse takes over).

During pregnancy, the midwife is constantly available to give the mother the advice and encouragement she needs. She makes certain, for instance, that the mother draws the free orange juice, milk and vitamins to which she is entitled in Britain. She also gives the standard pre-

natal tests to "screen" her for home delivery. If she detects anything that indicates the possibility of an abnormal birth, the mother is not permitted to have her baby at home. She goes to a hospital, where a doctor delivers the child with the help of midwives.

If the birth takes place at home, the midwife must plan extensively in advance. She visits the home, decides whether it is suitable for a delivery, and then chooses the best room. With the family she prepares the surroundings. She

makes the whole family, including the children, fully aware of what is going to happen and what help must be given.

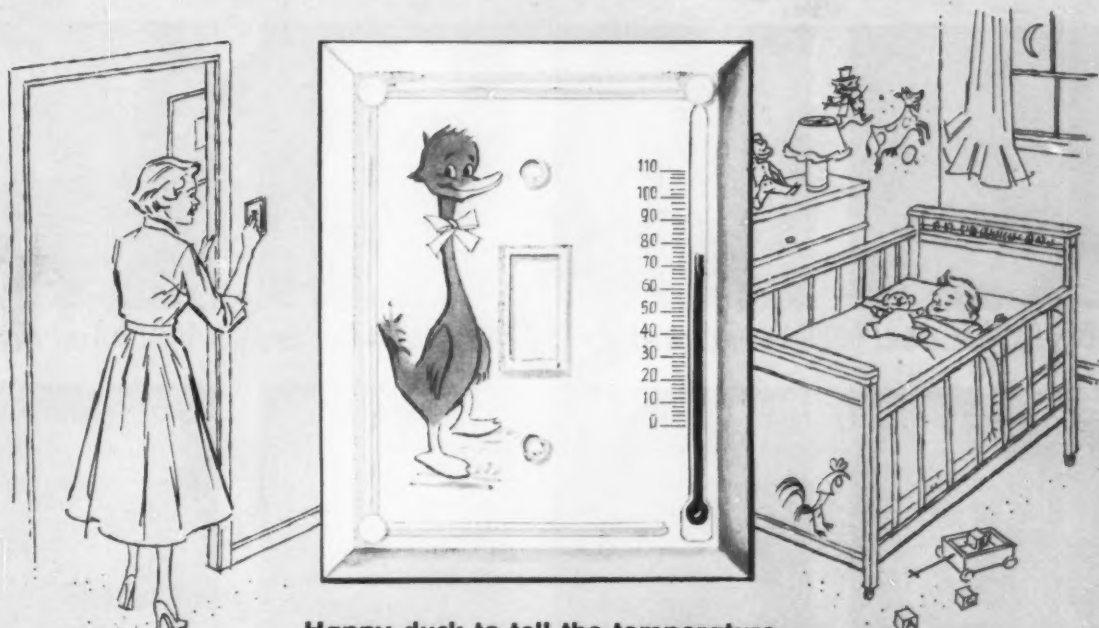
When the father telephones to say his wife has begun labor, the midwife goes immediately to the mother's home. She stays through labor and until two hours or so after birth. Many people think that midwives do not give anesthetics. In fact, British midwives are equipped with suitcase-size boxes containing a mild anesthetic for home use—Minnitt gas, which is administered through a

mask. The mothers are trained to administer the anesthetic to themselves when they feel they need it.

The midwives are trained to watch carefully for signs of an unusual birth, and to telephone for a doctor immediately if they see such signs.

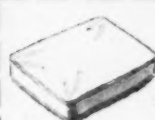
The enormous advantage of the midwife is summed up in one word: time. Fraser Brockington, of the Department of Preventive Medicine at the University of Manchester, commented on this in a report on British midwifery:

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Is baby warm enough—or too warm? No need to guess when this gay thermometer replaces regular switch plate. Fits all standard light switches—two screws attach it in seconds. Regularly \$1.50, yours for only \$1 and 6 labels from any Heinz Baby Foods.



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Nylon bristles with sturdy wire handles. Regular price 98¢. Send 50¢ and any 6 Heinz Baby Food labels.

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Soft and warm, blended rayon and orlon, easy to wash, quick to dry. YELLOW, BLUE, PINK. Regular value \$6. Send \$4 with any 12 Heinz Baby Food labels.



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Koroseal bib and terry face cloth in handy plastic pouch. Regular value 75¢. Send 35¢ and any 6 Heinz Baby Food labels.



SPILLPROOF BABY SPOON

Spoon stays level, can't spill if baby twists the handle. PINK, BLUE. Regular value \$1. Send 50¢ and any 6 Heinz Baby Food labels.



HOODED TERRY TOWEL AND FACE CLOTH
Wrap baby in this big absorbent towel after his bath. Matching face cloth. Regular value \$1.75. Send \$1.25 and any 6 Heinz Baby Food labels.



NYLON STRETCH SOCKS
3 pairs of pretty socks to fit all sizes. PINK, BLUE, WHITE. Regular value \$1.80. Send \$1 and any 6 Heinz Baby Food labels.



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Durable plastic with patented lip to make it easy for baby to switch from bottle to cup. PINK, BLUE. Regular value 49¢. Send 25¢ and any 6 Heinz Baby Food labels.

Clip these coupons, send Heinz Baby Food labels and money order with your name and address to Box 1557, Toronto. Allow up to 3 weeks for delivery. Order as many items as you want. Offer expires December 31st, 1958.

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and Heinz makes it better.

MORE THAN 135 KINDS



The midwife with full primary responsibility can offer the incomparable advantage of time, in marked contrast with the doctor, whose time is generally limited and who has conflicting duties; in a long operation of a physiological character the value of this ingredient of time can hardly be overestimated.

If midwives were trained in Canada, the pattern of their work would no doubt be entirely different from the British pattern. But they could be extremely useful. These days, for instance, many

Canadian women attend prenatal classes, read books about childbirth, and generally prepare themselves for the triumph and the hard work ahead of them. By doing this they develop not only a confident state of mind that enables them to remain calm but also certain techniques of relaxation and breathing that prevent tension and minimize their discomfort. To do this successfully a woman needs co-operative support during her labor.

Unfortunately, this sort of training is often undermined by the lack of under-

standing of "trained labor" which one finds in Canadian hospitals. Hospital nurses are astonished by a trained mother who calmly accepts the role she is playing. The idea that she is entitled to information, and that her comments on the progress of her labor have sound basis in fact—this is all too often regarded with hostile eyes by maternity-ward nurses. In their three-year training period, most Canadian nurses receive only about twelve weeks of training in maternity wards.

Midwives, well trained in assisting at childbirth, can give the mother the help present-day hospital nurses cannot give, and they can be of great assistance to obstetricians. It follows, then, that they can be of even greater help to general practitioners whose wide practices and innumerable problems often lead them to regard childbirth as a routine, ordinary part of their work.

But, more important than that, a wide, general tradition of midwifery in Canada would eventually provide the country with a group of women who could go where doctors are seldom available. More than eleven percent of Canadian births still take place outside hospitals, and many of those occur in remote districts where doctors are not on hand and no one else really knows the rudiments of midwifery.

There is no doubt that in these districts a sort of amateur midwifery has sprung up in response to the needs. This disproves the claims of the doctors that they can handle all Canadian childbirths, but at the same time it fails to give the right kind of care to the mothers and babies involved. Canada ends up, in other words, with a good many midwife-delivered babies but with no assurance that the "midwives" involved really know their



HOME SITE

By R. H. Grenville

That's where the path ran
Into the wood.

Here there were lilacs;
There the house stood,

Its porches and pillars
A dazzle of white —
So plain in remembrance,
Though vanished from sight!

And here's the initial
Love carved in a tree
For the faraway stranger
Who used to be me.



jobs. Some of these women may be registered nurses; some of them may be superbly equipped to deliver babies. But society has no way of knowing.

As I mentioned, many European midwives have turned up in Canada since the Second World War. But this is only a gratuitous benefit of immigration, and it can't be expected to continue indefinitely. Eventually, Canada will have to train its own, and this seems to me as good a time as any to begin.

In the end, whatever may be said for midwives as assistants to obstetricians and general practitioners, or as doctor-substitutes in remote areas, there still remains the question: should midwives be allowed to substitute for doctors at births in places where doctors are available?

If you are an advocate of natural childbirth, your answer will probably be yes, with the qualification that doctors should examine the mothers in the prenatal period and should always be close at hand in case of complications.

If you are an advocate of the present Canadian methods of obstetrics—especially of the use of surgical incisions to ease delivery—then your answer will be the same as that of the medical profession of Canada: no.

But no matter which answer you make, the need for midwives remains urgent. ♦

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(Baby can enjoy a different, delicious flavor every day for two weeks!)



Boy! What Beef!



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Wow! What Chicken!



Man! What Ham!



Make mine Lamb!



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I'll take Liver!



Love that Veal!



Pork 'n Apple Sauce!



Lamb 'n Mint!



Ham with Raisin Sauce!



Liver 'n Bacon!



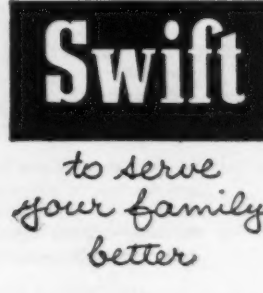
Chicken and Veal!



Salmon Seafood!



(Babies love Swift's Egg Yolks, too!)



Delicious meats are Swift's specialty...especially Meats for Babies!

DO WE NEED MIDWIVES IN CANADA? — NO

Continued from page 17

babies are delivered in the mothers' homes by midwives, this doesn't seem to arise often. What do you think about obstetrics in England?

Our views differ in many aspects. We have made great advances in the art of obstetrics and we certainly do not feel we should go back to home delivery with all its hazards of sudden emergencies. The necessary care of mother and baby is unthinkable without such facilities as blood banks, anesthesia by specialists, oxygen resuscitation apparatus, isolettes (the cribs equipped with oxygen), and so many, many more.

Is the incision more common here than in other countries—that is, the incision (episiotomy) made to prevent the baby from damaging the mother during delivery?

It certainly is. We want mothers to be as good as new after delivery. Many a prolapse could be avoided by proper episiotomies. The advantage for the baby in having more space cannot be disregarded.

The midwife stays with the mother during labor; she can watch every development and offer encouragement. Don't doctors in Canada usually leave mothers alone through most of their labor?

The mother is not left alone during labor. The labor and delivery rooms are adequately staffed with trained nurses, who meet the mother's needs all the time. We are in constant touch with the hospital, we see the patients frequently during labor, and we spend many hours there waiting for deliveries. Of recent years we have also made it possible for the husbands to stay with their wives during labor.

Some mothers seem to spend part of their labor in anxiety, worrying about whether the doctor will make it on time. Wouldn't trained midwives—obstetrical nurses—eliminate this worry?

The relationship between doctor and patient should be such that the mother can trust her doctor to be there in time. Besides, in all our hospitals you will find a well-trained staff of residents who take over should the occasion arise.

Don't hospital personnel sometimes "hold" a delivery until the doctor arrives, and isn't this sometimes considered harmful?

No, we do not approve of this practice (at the Women's College Hospital in Toronto). I cannot answer for other centres.

During their labor, don't Canadian women tend to feel left alone a great deal when the doctor goes away to attend to other work? Isn't there a psychological effect here that makes childbirth a more anxiety-producing process?

It is certainly true that some women are anxious. We try to eliminate their anxiety by adequate prenatal care and education. Classes are attended, the hospital visited, and so forth. By the time the mother is ready to go to the hospital to have her baby she is usually confident and relaxed, looking forward to this experience, because she knows what to expect.

Getting back to midwives, wouldn't they free doctors from a great deal of worry and work? Isn't the prenatal work the

really important work that the obstetrician does?

I don't think we need to worry about the doctors so much. We work hard, of course, but we don't expect anything else. There are enough trained doctors all over Canada now and I don't think we should use midwives in place of doctors. That would mean going backward.

Many European-trained midwives are now living in Canada and working in hospital maternity wards. They have

much more obstetrical training than normal Canadian nurses. Are they useful?

Yes, we have a number of them in our hospitals, and they are a great help. We appreciate their qualities and training as nurses, but not as midwives. Of course, all Canadian nurses are given maternity-ward training during their courses before they become registered nurses. Perhaps Canada's infant-mortality rate—being worse than such countries as Iceland and Norway—is partly due to the

lack of medical help in rural Canada and in some remote districts, where doctors are few. Wouldn't midwives be of great help there?

Yes, I think they would, in remote, outlying districts, where doctors are few. They could do an excellent job.

There is no training school for midwives in Canada. Do you think there should be a place where midwives could train? *Yes, but I don't think they should ever be used in place of doctors in parts of Canada where medical help is available.*



Maternity costume by Marusia-Travis Banton. One of a series created for Mennen by noted designers.

To Every Lady- in-Waiting

YOUR BABY CAN BE SO MUCH HAPPIER THAN YESTERDAY'S BABIES. No longer are mothers told to let baby "cry it out" for hours; to turn thumbs down on all thumb-sucking. Today, babies are less frustrated and happier, as a rule.

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PREVENTS DIAPER RASH when used regularly. Heals it, too. Checks chafing. Giant size, \$1.25. Squeeze bottle, 79c.



BABY-CLEANSING OIL! Bathe baby with it daily until navel heals. Use regularly to cleanse diaper area. 69c and \$1.20.



ANTI-CHAFING POWDER! A special anti-chafing formula that actually resists moisture. It clings longer, too. 35c and 59c.



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In Chatelaine Institute, Maria Gomori inspects a washer in on trial.

YOU MUST understand," said Maria Gomori, "that the housewife's life I am going to describe is in the Hungary of the past ten years—not before the war and the Russians. In those old days we did have adequate living space and hot water and good food. Not now."

Maria Gomori, a vivacious, auburn-haired housewife and office worker, was our second New-Canadian guest to visit Chatelaine Institute to talk of homemaking—here and around the world. On December 1, 1956, she walked the final eight miles through searchlit fields to the Austrian border. Her husband Paul and their fourteen-year-old son, Andrew, had crossed ten days before. It was too risky to travel as a family.

"We left," says Maria, "because we couldn't stand the lies" (as a government statistical worker she saw firsthand how figures were falsified for five-year plans) "and because my son, as the child and grandchild of professionals, had almost no hope of getting to university. For that, you should be a peasant's or worker's son. Actually, our living standard was very good for Hungary. Educated people were in such demand they had to treat us well, even though we didn't belong to the party."

"For instance, in Hungary the law says three people to a room. We three had a self-contained apartment with two rooms, bath and kitchen."

"Do you know what a kitchen is in Hungary—even in quite new apartments like ours? A Canadian housewife wouldn't believe it. When I sent back snapshots of my kitchen here my friends thought I must have gone to some showplace to photograph it."

In Hungary the kitchen starts out as four walls, a stove, usually gas, and a small porcelain basin like a bathroom's, with running cold water. "You buy your cupboards, your work table, everything else. You heat your water on the stove and do dishes in a dishpan, no sink. You don't try out a new liquid, powder or flake detergent, you use the soap—a tough yellow bar—and add soda to cut the grease."

"The walls are whitewashed (there are no oil-painted walls in most homes). You can't wash them, you

have to repaint, so naturally, especially in the kitchen, they get very spotted and dingy. The floor is a sort of concrete-and-pebble tile, which is easy to wash but cold. Of course I scrubbed it on my hands and knees with a rag. Canadian housewives should bless the man who invented those wonderful, long-handled sponge mops; I think it was the first gadget I bought in Toronto."

Mrs. Gomori had no refrigerator, no vacuum (prewar models do exist in some lucky families); she had never heard of a pressure cooker or an electric mixer. Her electric dry iron had no temperature control—and she was grateful to have it. Many Hungarian wives still heat their iron on the stove.

Hot water was a treasure. "Before the war, the central heating system in apartments supplied running hot water as here. Now it merely heats the house—if there is fuel in the country. We finally managed to buy a boiler for our bathroom—it was very expensive—and our friends used to drop in to take baths. Occasionally the government would forbid baths. The first weeks in our Canadian apartment (a modern bachelor suite in north Toronto) my husband and I took three or four baths a day."

In Hungary Maria Gomori had the use of the apartment laundry-room tubs once a month and, because she was employed, she hired a woman to do the month's supply of sheets, towels, etc. "She got fifty forints a day and the average monthly wage in Hungary is eight hundred forints—so you can see she was a highly paid luxury." Sending out laundry or dry-cleaning meant waiting six or eight weeks to get it back.

In Toronto Maria uses the automatic washer-dryer in her apartment basement any day she pleases.

"Did you have any hardwood floors to cope with?" Elaine Collett, director of Chatelaine Institute, asked next.

"Oh, yes," Maria smiled reminiscently. "You would have laughed to see me polishing them in my *vixelökefe*. First I swept with a broom. Then I put on paste wax—with the inevitable rag. Then I strapped on my polishers! The *vixelökefe*—a foot-size

How I keep house

*This Hungarian wife describes
homemaking in an iron-curtain land
where scarcity is the rule*

BY JEAN YACK

hard-bristled brush with a strap across the top—went on one foot, and my follow-up buffing rag on the other. And I would skate and skate around the room, polishing my floor. That was exactly how it was done."

Rug cleaning is another feature Mrs. Gomori does not miss. Once a week the good-sized rugs were lugged out and draped over the front-balcony rail (for obvious reasons permitted only up to 11 a.m.). Then you hand-brushed the dirt off—"mainly onto yourself."

Clothes moths, Maria Gomori told us, are another especial bugbear of the Hungarian housewife. "We seemed to have far more of them, and we had no garment bags to seal clothes in. Everything was sprinkled with crystals (the same smelly kind as here), wrapped and rewrapped in newspaper. Of course you forgot what was in what package. Even then the moths managed to do a lot of damage."

"But you know," Maria went on emphatically, "there was one thing every Hungarian housewife had that I would never trade with a Canadian—her bed. Think of this—a mattress just like yours, a bottom sheet, and then on top one huge, soft feather-filled comforter. It was at least eight inches thick. The pillows were two or three times the Canadian size (I had two just for myself) and feather-filled. And bedmaking was so simple—the top sheet buttoned onto the comforter. You just plumped it and pulled the whole thing up. And when you slept you never lost a blanket, you

never got tangled in a sheet, and you were never chilly as I often am here."

To talk much about food and cooking we thought would be pointless in a scarcity-ridden land. Maria Gomori agreed. "Before the war Hungary was noted for its good rich food. Afterward, we cooked what we could buy. I lined up three hours each Friday or Saturday for our weekly meat on Sunday. You could say that my son was raised on bread, jam and potatoes. I bought a four-pound loaf of brown bread every two days; here a twenty-cent loaf (one pound) lasts us four days. Five pounds of potatoes last two weeks, whereas in Hungary I used four pounds a day. Often we ate in restaurants. It was expensive but you got a decent meal, and I didn't have the time to line up and line up and line up. At home I never wanted to cook. Here I love trying new dishes and foods."

We asked Maria if she had brought along the typical Hungarian recipe we had requested. "Yes, it is Csirke Paprikas—Chicken Paprika you call it here. And there is one thing I would like to ask you." She turned to Elaine Collett, "I have never dared cook a roast. How is it done?" (Elaine's method: Place roast in an open shallow pan, fat side up, use no water or grease. Roast at 325 to 350 degrees for approximately 30 minutes to the pound. Season halfway through cooking.)

And so, as women will do everywhere, our recipes were exchanged. ♦

MARIA GOMORI'S CSIRKE PAPRIKAS (For three)

In 2 tablespoons of oil sauté 5 or 6 finely chopped onions until they are brown, about ten minutes. Now—and this step is very important if you don't want to spoil the paprika's flavor—remove from heat and add 1½ tablespoons red paprika. Add your salted pieces of cut-up chicken (or you can use stewing veal with the fat left on, for Veal Paprika). Return to very low heat for ten minutes to brown the meat and draw its juices. Now add water to cover, and simmer. As it simmers, keep adding water only to cover, and cook for 1 to 1½ hours. At the end add more water for gravy and heat thoroughly, about ten minutes. Remove chicken. Then add 1 cup sour cream which has been mixed with 1 teaspoon flour. Reheat thoroughly but do not boil, and return the chicken.



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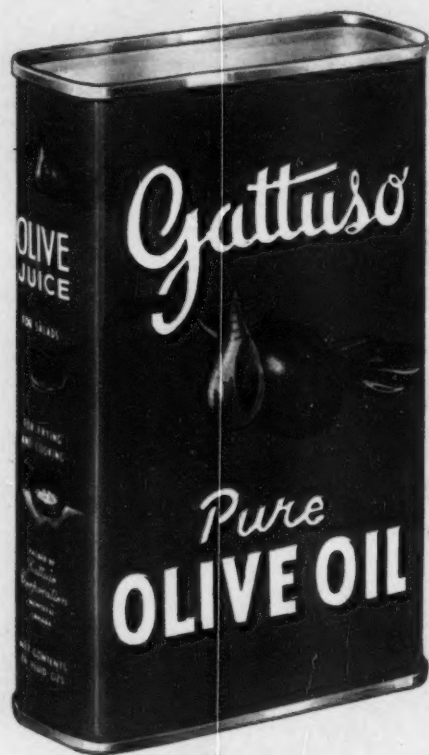
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